

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1862.

VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

VII.

CLOSE OF THE FIRST ACT IN THE LIFE-DRAMA.

WE have wandered down through the fiery mazes to the præsedimentary ages of the world, and have seen the granite, the quartz, feldspar, and mica, the hornblende, and other first-born products of primeval refrigeration organizing themselves in obedience to the molecular forces of nature; we have witnessed the floods descending and cubic miles of sediments settling in the bed of the azoic sea; we have gazed upon the first flickerings of animated existence, and have noted the fact that, while nature established the procession of organic being with the four sub-kingdoms of animals all abreast of each other, the van of each was led by some of the weakest and most abnormal forms which have ever appeared within the circle of their respective types.

The conditions of existence during the Potsdam period must have been somewhat uniform under all meridians. No continents existed to divert the tidal current into cooler or warmer latitudes, or unequalize the temperature of the atmosphere by their superior power of absorbing and radiating heat. The leading types of existence were trilobites, exhibiting a close relationship with each other on whichever side of the world we exhume their mummied forms, and some inferior brachiopods, which are almost identical in species at St. Petersburg and Keeseville, New York. We have seen that the central portions of the American continent constituted at this time a vast basin of shallow water, the rim of which extended all round the frontier of the middle and northern States. In this magnificent lagoon the iron mountain of Missouri loomed up as it now does—an island of

metal—the apex of an iron cone, whose base rests broadly and deeply on the molten ocean which floats kingdoms and continents from the past eternity to the future. Around its sloping flanks the sediments of the Potsdam period accumulated in horizontal layers, which to-day may be witnessed abutting against the dark sides of the emerging cone of metal. A few other such isolated points had thus early been born from the abyss.

In such a sea, a shoreless sea, lived, and lived in happiness, those problematical forms called trilobites, whose remains have been opened from the solid rocks of Wisconsin, New York, Vermont, Canada, and hundreds of other localities. Rather, on such a submarine platform they sported their day, for on all sides—certainly toward the east, south, and west—the waters deepened, as now, to an almost unfathomable depth, to whose dark recesses life never gropes its way.

VIII.

THE FAIRY SAILOR AND HIS COUSINS.

In the progress of the earth's preparation this act of the drama closed, and the curtain fell upon the scene. The curtain rose and the scene was changed. The beings which teemed in the waters of the preceding epoch were buried in the ruins of a convulsion which marked the advent of a new æon. Not an individual of any of the former species outrode the storm. But the sea is now quiet again, more quiet than before. The waters are clearer. The floor of the ocean has settled a few hundred feet deeper, and the conditions of our planet are changed. Lo! now the clearer and quieter waters are teeming with myriads of new existences, some of which reproduce the family features of the beings of the preceding period, while others are forms now first revealed upon our planet. Whence come these new tribes?

A convulsion of nature shuts them off from a lineal connection with the generations of the Potsdam period, and, moreover, here are new forms which could not possibly sustain any genetic relation to their predecessors in the line of being. These all are new creations. There is no avoiding the conclusion. The omnific fiat of the Creator has again gone forth and swarms of beings innumerable start from the teeming and prolific deep. *Encrinites* now first adorn the flowery chambers of the sea—one of the new ideas just realized from the creating Mind—flower-like, with slender stem affixed to the submarine soil, a delicate corolla uplifted on its extremity, and petals delicately fringed expanded to the diluted sunlight of the smiling heavens above, struggling down to the coral meadows in which they flourished. And these were *animals*. With all their plant-like form, and grace, and delicacy, and attachment to the soil, these new and wonderful creations had sensibility and will, and enjoyed their allotment at that early age of the world and at that depth beneath the cheerful sunlight, and the caressing breeze, and the vital air as the butterfly now, which is borne upon the sunbeam from flower to flower and sips the sweetest nectar from the fairest creations of the vegetable world. All over the area of the northern and western States and as far south as Alabama and Mississippi flourished on the great submarine plateau luxuriant plantations of these little lily animals. And these were interspersed with other plant-like forms—the coral animals, which reared their marble domes and uplifted their arborescent structures upon the same soil which supported the encrinite and formed the grazing ground of tribes of molluscos beings.

Here was beauty, here was sensitive enjoyment, lavished by nature upon these humble forms at this remote age of the world and in these "dark, unfathomed caves of ocean" with the same liberal hand which adorns the modern landscape for the admiration of intelligent man. Here again were trilobites—not the same species as had been swept from being by the convulsions which marked the close of the last epoch—but articulated animals, conformed to the same family plan and features as their extinct predecessors, yet as easily distinguished as a wasp from a bumble-bee. And what still are these new and anomalous forms which move their sullen and sinister visages among the other tribes with the mien of conscious and insolent superiority? Predacious creatures, they despoil at a meal the most beautiful bed of encrinites, while the trilobite alarmed shoots with a quick stroke of his tail under cover of a coral

crag. These are the *orthoceratites*. They were so numerous and powerful, being withal the monarchs of the period, that we must pause to look into their family connections.

Who has not heard the fable of the argonaut or paper nautilus? One of the most vivid recollections of our early reading presents us with a little boatman in his shelly bark wafted over the placid surface of a Summer sea. With tiny sail upraised, the favoring breeze bears him securely onward; but let the winds escape from their Æolian caves, and the billows wake from their liquid slumbers, and down glides our tiny boatman with his shelly bark and finds a safe retreat among the marble corridors of the millipores and madrepores. Montgomery in his "Pelican Island" has thus embalmed the fable:

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her orb is filled.
Fraught with young life it righted as it rose
And moved at will along the yielding wave.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air
And wonder in the luxury of light."

It seems a pity to spoil so pretty a fable, and one, too, that has lived since the days of Aristotle. But the fable of the argonaut has been spoiled by the industry of a lady. Madame Jeannette Power, a French lady residing in Sicily, has transmitted to the learned societies of Europe accounts of observations made by herself upon the argonaut of the Mediterranean, which prove that the "native pilot" is the rightful and original owner and fabricator of the "little bark," while the latter, instead of being devoted to the purposes of fairy navigation, is but a coat of mail for protection against ugly foes, and the "twofold sail" is the mantle extended over the animal's back, a secretion from which forms and enlarges the shell with the growth of the animal. The propulsion of the animal, instead of Æolian breezes, is a jet of water squirted from a tube or "funnel," which, like a rocket power, drives the argonaut backward, and its "tier of oars" are used with the animal inverted, crawling like a snail with his house upon his back.

Something still more familiar to every reader is the "cuttle-fish bone," which the apothecary sells for canaries. This substance is not a bone, and does not come from a fish, but is a rudimentary shell formed beneath the skin which covers the back of a molluscos animal. The calamaries are similar to the cuttle-fishes,

but their shell is horny instead of stony. The poulp, or cuttle-fish of the southern coast of Europe, has been longest known. It was called polypus by Homer and Aristotle, because it has many feet or arms. The aspect of all these animals is strange and uncouth. Their staring eyes, their long and flexible arms, and their formidable pair of sharp and horny mandibles combine to render them unpleasant neighbors. Surrounding the mouth is a circle of eight strong arms, many times the length of the body, while staring out from either side of the head between the bases of the arms is a pair of large glassy eyes, which send a shudder over the beholder. At the bottom of the sea the poulp turns its eight arms downward and walks like a huge submarine spider, thrusting its arms into the crevices of the rocks and extracting thence the luckless crab that had thought itself secure in its narrow retreat from the attacks of so bulky a foe. Each of the arms is covered with what are called suckers, designed for producing adhesion to the object grasped. Each sucker consists of a little, elevated, circular, horny ridge, forming a little cup, closed at the bottom by a flexible membrane, which is attached to the arm by a stem. The consequence is, that when the arm is pressed upon an object the bottom of each cup, like a piston, is pressed inward by the action of the stem or piston-rod, which is moved by the pressure of the arm. The effort to escape from the grasp of this arm withdraws the piston back to the bottom of the cup, thus producing a partial vacuum within, and causing a suction which effectually retains the object. Could any piece of mechanism be more admirable?

The poulp, also called octopus—eight-footed—sometimes attains a formidable size, and sailors relate terrible stories of those found in the African seas. According to Denys de Montfort, Dens, a navigator, avowed that while three of his men were engaged in scraping the side of the ship, one of these monsters reached up from the water its long and flexible arms and drew two of the men into the sea. One was never rescued, and the other after his escape became delirious and died. This was probably a "sailor's yarn," since the Frenchman who narrated it afterward represented a "kraken octopod" in the act of scuttling a three-master, and told M. DeFrance that if this were "swallowed" he would in his next edition represent the monster embracing the Straits of Gibraltar or capsizing a whole squadron of ships.

The common cuttle-fish of our own coasts is a much more harmless animal, attaining a length of only ten or twelve inches. The cala-

mary of New York harbor has ten arms, two of which are much longer than the others.

The reader is probably familiar with the Sepia used in tinting with water colors. This is the ink of the cuttle-fish and its allies. It is preserved by the animal in a little bag, from which it is ejected on the approach of danger, thus producing a cloud, under cover of which the animal escapes. Here is the prototype of the fog which sophistry raises, and under cover of which it retreats when finding itself in unequal conflict with truth. "India ink" is manufactured by the Chinese from the same substance, though other nations employ lamp-black. The ink bags of some ancient cuttle-fishes have been found in a fossil state. Dr. Buckland had drawings of extinct species executed in their own ink.

These all are cephalopods—the first class among molluscs—the aristocracy of shell fish, often exercising dominion over beings with higher endowments but a weaker arm, just as brawny force has always done. But those types belong to the highest of the two orders of the class. They had no external shells divided by transverse partitions like the animals of the lower order. They flourished in a later age of the world than that of which we have been speaking. The pearly nautilus is the only living representative of an order which swarmed in the seas of the Palæozoic and Secondary periods. The pearly nautilus is closely coiled; its shell is divided at frequent intervals by partitions concave anteriorly, the animal occupying the space in front of the last one. A shelly tube runs through the middle of all these chambers to the further extremity of the shell. Through this a ligament passes from the body of the animal and anchors it securely in the last chamber. This tube is called the *siphon*. Such is the structure of a "chambered shell." The variable elements are the form of the septum, the position of the siphon, and the plan of enrollment. The septum may be plain, or angulated, or foliated. The siphon may be external, or internal, or central. The enrollment may be close, loose, half-coiled, arcuate, or straight. How many permutations do these values admit of! And yet almost every possible combination of these characters has been realized in the history of the world. In the earliest periods were the species with simple septa and straight shells, next came those with simple septa and coiled shells, then those with angulated or lobed septa and coiled shells. Then came those with foliated or very complicated septa with their straight, arcuate, and variously-coiled forms. So we see

that in the various ages of the world some type of "chambered shells" has constituted a leading characteristic of the marine fauna. One thing which is very remarkable is the fact that the existing pearly nautilus is closely related to the most ancient forms—a specimen creature of primeval times—the key to the inscriptions on the Preadamite rocks. The orthoceratites were nautili with straight shells. They were the carnivora of the sea. They maintained the ascendancy till the introduction of fishes toward the close of the Upper Silurian or later. Their decline dates from this epoch, and when the voracious fishes of the Old Red Sandstone and the Carboniferous limestone came upon the stage of being, the orthoceratites dwindled away and disappeared. Not a trace of a straight-chambered shell has been found in any of the rocks above the coal. They fulfilled their end in creation and retired. Other carnivorous animals of a higher order were better adapted to the advancing state of the earth's preparation. Garpikes appeared. A new dynasty arose to be in turn overthrown by the dynasty of the secondary reptiles.

IX.

ONWARD THROUGH THE AGES.

The evening shades of one of eternity's æons are gathering around us. The darkness upon which we are entering is the gloom of a tempest and the night of death to the teeming populations of the globe. A thrice of nature heaves still higher the germinal ridges of the continent, robs the ocean of another strip of his domain, and seals up the record of the life of the Lower Silurian.

The elevation which marked the close of this great epoch of the world's history brought to light the basin of Lake Superior, Northern Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the northern and eastern portions of New York, and considerable portions of New England. The line of sea-coast passed westward through Central New York along the bed of the future Lake Ontario, thence north-westward to Georgian Bay, following the trend of the future Lake Huron, sweeping round by the Sault St. Marie, and arching downward again through Wisconsin along a line a few miles west of the present Lake Michigan. Thence it swept westward and north-westward in the direction of Lake Winnipeg and the Arctic Sea. All to the south of this line was yet the empire of the Atlantic. On those vast submarine plains the Pacific joined hands with the Atlantic, and the two sang dirges over the land that was to become the scene of fraternal conflict.

What we have narrated of the birth and death of populations during the Lower Silurian period will answer for a representation of the events which followed during the Upper Silurian and Devonian periods. Successive extinctions through the lapse of time, or some violent geological revolutions, followed by successive creations of higher and higher forms, and the annexation of successive belts to the preëxisting land, constituted the great secular features of the world's history down to the dawn of the period when air-breathing animals were to have birth.

The first epoch of the Upper Silurian was that during which the Niagara limestone was accumulated—a formation through which the Niagara River has cut its way, and which from that point runs in lines parallel with those just traced, and forms the Manitoulin Islands of Lake Huron and the northern and western barrier of Lake Michigan. The second epoch was that of the Onondaga salt group, during which the salt and gypsum of New York were accumulated. The third epoch was that of the Lower Helderberg group, which is traced from the eastern to the western portion of New York, but has not been recognized among the limestones of the West.

Thus closed the Silurian period. At the East it is marked off from the Devonian period by the interposition of a conglomerate, the Oriskany sandstone, which signalizes the confusion attendant upon the change of scenes. At the West, however, this formation is generally also wanting, and we find the limestones of the Upper Helderberg group resting upon those of the Niagara group. This is a most important limestone mass throughout the West, being that in which quarries are worked from the region south of Chicago to Columbus, Ohio, and thence to Lake Erie and across Canada West to the region south of Mackinac in Michigan. These limestones, like all others, were accumulated in the bottom of deep and quiet seas. Each successive sea-floor has been the home of moving myriads of sensitive forms. Every layer of rock has been the cemetery of many generations. Life teemed especially in calcareous and placid waters. Such were those of the Upper Helderberg, and these limestones are stocked with the relics of ancient dynasties—great and small, powerful and weak in one wide burial confusedly blent. Not yet had nature dispensed with the pattern of the trilobites. Encrinites were still in vogue, and orthoceratites, and all the various phases of univalve and bivalve creation. And here, here first dawned upon our planet an animal with a backbone, a mere

fish, but yet the basis on which artist nature has molded successive models till the form of man shone forth, and the Omniscient was satisfied to stay his hand. But man was not yet. The fishes whose teeth and jaws we cleave from this rock were the *avantcouriers* of the shoals of sharks, and sturgeons, and gar-pikes which made a Golgotha of the Old Red Sandstone.

The closing convulsions of this epoch upheaved still higher the growing continent and depopulated the coral cities of the sea that had just been astir with being. A pause, and another epoch—the Hamilton epoch—followed, a period of argillaceous sediments; but the germs of being were thickly strewn over every part of the ocean floor. Chambered shells were on the wane; but brachiopods and new forms of corals sprang forth in exuberant growth, and we pick their fossil forms to-day, like nuts, from the dried ocean mud.

Another æon passes; the empire of the sea crumbles before the conquest of the land, and we add next the belt of the Chemung group of rocks to the growing margins of the land. The "Empire State" is thus almost completed; Wisconsin has taken her place; the center of Michigan is occupied by an inland sea, and a similar one washes the south-eastern shores of Ohio. Among the accumulated treasures of this epoch behold the first vestiges of an arborescent vegetation! All before this had been fucoidal in its characters. Here we find imbedded in the friable sandstone some stems of trees—pieces of drift-wood floated from some neighboring shore, and, like the dove of Noah, bearing us tales of the vegetation upon the land. How sparse and desolate must have been those forests! No voice of animated nature was yet heard among those scattered pigmy trees. They are arborescent ferns and lycopodiums—a new idea incorporated into the vegetable creation—but how prophetic of that which is to come! Nature always issues her bulletins, and we stand now in an age of the world which antedates the advent of all our familiar forms, and read the announcement of the coming riches of the carboniferous era. A stranded log of drift-wood becomes eloquent in the utterance of prophetic truth.

One more chapter finishes the history of the great Devonian period. Throughout the West, so far as we know, the work was done, and creative energy was at rest. In Eastern Pennsylvania and New York, however, another marine fauna was brought upon the stage of being. The scales and teeth of some of the fishes of the epoch have been identified with those studied by Hugh Miller in the quarries

of Cromarty, and hence we know that the rocks belong to the Old Red Sandstone. This was not an important era in America, but in England and Scotland it seems to have been the commencement of the culmination of the reign of uncouth fishes, whose biographies have given such zest to the writings of the Scottish geologist.

We have barely enumerated the epochs of two periods of the world's history. Who has considered the measureless intervals we have so glibly hurried over—the rising and setting suns, the passing tempests, the lonely budding tree, the sands worried to and fro upon the uncertain beach, the lives of myriads of conscious forms in a long succession of populations, the heaving shore, the rise of continents, the burial of beautiful but senseless ruins beneath acres of sediments from which they shall never be exhumed? Let us commend the sublimity of the theme to the reader's attention.

We are now on the threshold of another great period of the world's history. Graceful tree-ferns are waving in the distance, and giant club-mosses are uttering from their fronds a breezy murmur refreshing to the mind wearied with the contemplation of the uncouth and somber forms which vegetated in the earlier seas. Looking through the vistas of the future we behold lazy reptiles reposing upon banks protected by the tangled stems of lepidodendra and calamaria, or floating in the tepid bayous of a tropical jungle. The novelty and interest of the prospect invite us onward, but the vastness of the field bids us pause and refresh ourselves before we venture upon our jottings from the scenes of the Carboniferous period.

ACQUIRING NEW HABITS.

LET not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission; for both the pause reënforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practice his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermission; but let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation, like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her; therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it.

ROSE ATHERTON'S STORY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

AH, Lucy Grey, you stand before my mind's eye this morning just as you stood on that last sad evening in Philadelphia when for the last time I looked back upon the house so long my home. So bright and hopeful you were in regard to the strange future then opening, as I thought, so sadly before me that I could have deemed you unfeeling had I not known you better. But even then I began dimly to appreciate at their true value the empty honors and pleasures of fashionable life; and though my heart yearned over the familiar faces of friends so soon to be lost to me, it did not regret the luxurious home where I had been so unhappy.

Four years ago! It has passed like a dream. I can not realize the swift flight of time. Least of all can I realize the change in myself. I seem to have lost my identity. As I glance into the mirror behind my desk I can not recognize there the proud, languid beauty of four years ago. I see a face still young, but rounded and colored by health. The old, sad, restless expression is not there. Those cheerful eyes could never have looked at me from those magnificent pier glasses in our old home. Yes, I am changed.

In the mirror I note another change. A tall, sunburnt man, of noble presence and animated countenance, has stolen softly into the room and waits behind my chair till my rapid pen shall find a period. You remember the estrangement between us, begun by myself before we had been three months married, and deepened and widened by my persistence in following the frivolous life I had chosen. And when, through my folly and extravagance, he had found it impossible to meet the reverses that the great financial panic brought, you remember my anguish and dismay when for the first time he replied with harsh and bitter words to my selfish and bitter reproaches. I saw in a moment the ruin I had wrought. O, the sharp remorse and despair that the knowledge brought! It was your hand, dear Lucy, best friend, that raised me up, and that pointed out the way of peace. It was your voice that gave expression to the earnest desires of my heart, and to the prayers for help that I hardly dared to utter. How sweetly you encouraged me to attempt to regain the heart I had so tortured and estranged! How you led me in my sorrow and weakness to look to the Most High for strength! Let me hear what Augustus has to say to me and then

I will go back to the day we started for the great West and give you the history you ask for.

It seemed to me during our journey that my husband looked upon me as a sort of incumbrance that would better have been left behind. He had proposed my remaining with his aunt among the opulent scenes to which I had been accustomed till he could prepare a home for me. He manifested no surprise at my resolution to accompany him, and evidently attributed it to my usual caprice and obstinacy. I think he did not dream that affection for him had any thing to do with it. I am a bad traveler at all times. For the first two days and nights the cars were almost unendurable. My head was racked with pain, but I could not sleep a moment.

Augustus was attentive to me, and made the inconveniences of my situation as easy to bear as possible; indeed, I think he felt the discomforts of my illness more than I did, but he pitied me as he would have done a stranger, and divided his cares between me and an infirm old lady who was going to Chicago to find a truant son. I did not complain. I could not blame him, for had I not myself rooted out the tender love that would have made his attentions and sympathy so consoling?

I slept on the last day of our journey most of the time. It did me good, though I slept so heavily, and yet without losing the consciousness of pain, that I felt more exhausted than refreshed by my slumbers. But it relieved the tension of my nerves, which had become so excited by pain on the second day as almost to craze me.

We were to go first to visit a friend of my husband's, who had chosen the West for his home soon after Augustus came to Philadelphia. He had studied law, but, I believe, had tired of it, and now devoted himself to scientific agriculture. I had often read his letters to Augustus, and had formed a favorable opinion of him. The letters seemed so breezy and cheerful, as if they were full of fresh country air. As soon as our reverse of fortune became known, he had written in the kindest manner, urging Augustus to settle up his affairs as soon as he could, and, turning his back upon the whole "dismal conglomeration of mercantile life," to try for a little *genuine* comfort in the glorious West. He offered us a home till we could establish one for ourselves, and filled his letter with such a host of statistics to prove the resources of the country that I was quite bewildered.

It was pleasant to see Augustus meet his old

chum. His face expressed the first smile of real pleasure that I had seen on it since the "crash" came. The cordial welcome that we received was enough to brighten the saddest countenance. Mrs. Warren, kindly mindful of my fatigue, hurried me off to bed as soon as I had drank a cup of tea, and after seeing that I had every thing that I needed, bent over my pillow and kissed me as a sister might have done. But as soon as she left me I arose, and on my knees again sought for Divine strength to keep and guide me in my new life, and to make me indeed a helpmeet for my tried and noble husband. Then I fell asleep peacefully, and knew nothing more of care or grief till late the next morning.

When I went down stairs I found Mrs. Warren alone. The windows and doors were open, and the fresh breeze seemed to blow a gale as it drew through the house. It was very pure, but I shivered as I felt it stirring my hair and dress. Mrs. Warren laughed gayly as she came forward to greet me.

"You remind me of the time when I first came here. I could not bear the open air at all, and the hardy people around us used to laugh at my delicacy. I remember asking if they had the doors open all Winter. But I shall hurry you into a more congenial atmosphere. There is a fire in the breakfast-room."

"I shall be glad to sit by it," I replied. "It is more like Winter than June. Is it possible, Mrs. Warren, that you are comfortable here?"

"Yes. I like the free air now. So will you when you are accustomed to it. I am sorry that you will have to breakfast alone, but your husband would not hear of your being disturbed. He said you were quite worn out."

"Is it very late?"

"Only ten o'clock. I have been up stairs twice since Mr. Atherton and Charles left, but you were sleeping so sweetly and smiling so happily that I could not bear to waken you. Besides, I know from experience that when thoroughly fatigued there is no restorative like sleep. Are you quite rested?"

"I think not. I feel a great deal better, but I am not used to fatigue and do not bear it well. Where is Mr. Atherton?"

"He has gone out with Charles on a prospecting tour—to look at land, I believe. Mr. Atherton seems to like the appearance of our new country. I hope it will please you too."

"I mean to be pleased with it."

"That is right. But come to breakfast."

I sat down listlessly. In spite of all my good resolutions I felt sad and dispirited. I

do n't think I was homesick, but I had a sense of being in a new sphere of life for which my habits and education had wholly unfitted me. I felt no disposition to find fault with my surroundings; I do n't think I even thought of regretting the luxuries I had left, but I did think of my ignorance and helplessness, and wondered how I was to carry out all those brave resolutions to become a comfort as well as a help to my husband.

"Try a cup of coffee, Mrs. Atherton; and some of this toast. I have a bit of steak broiling in the kitchen. It will be done directly."

"I am not hungry, I thank you."

"But I shall think you are really ill if you can not eat."

To please her I dipped a piece of dry toast into my coffee and commenced eating it. I looked at the little bustling woman in her trim calico wrapper with keen interest. I saw at once, and every succeeding moment confirmed it, that she was eminently calculated to make a pleasant home any where in any rank of life—refined and intelligent, but an efficient house-keeper too, and all her domestic affairs seemed to be regulated by some hidden clock-work.

To my surprise I found she kept no servant, and a new phase of Western life opened before me like a dismal picture. Although I knew that Augustus had saved enough from the wreck of his property to start us comfortably in our new life, I was dismayed as I thought of my positive inefficiency as the mistress of his household. That he had never dreamed of my attempting such practical duties I knew, for he had tried earnestly but vainly to induce one of our old servants to accompany me; but that made it none the less important that, as his wife, I should have a practical knowledge of the interest and responsibilities of his household. And this practical knowledge reared itself before me like a genuine hill difficulty, a very sphinx of mystery.

Mrs. Warren observed the gathering clouds upon my face, and attributed them to homesickness.

"I am sorry Mr. Atherton was obliged to leave you to-day," she said kindly. "But Charles could accompany him this morning, and he may not get another leisure day for a month. I know what a great change it must be to come from your city home to this comparative wilderness. It will look brighter as you get used to it. I was quite homesick at first myself, though I can hardly realize it now. When you are quite rested so as to enjoy riding I will show you this charming country in its perfection. We have two saddle horses, both gen-

tle as lambs and manageable by ladies. There is nothing I enjoy more than a gallop across the prairies. Do you like riding?"

"I am not a good rider, but I like it. I have no doubt the country is charming if the view from this window is a fair sample of it. But I was not thinking about that. Perhaps you do not know that I was reared in idleness and luxury, and have never acquired the least knowledge suited to my present condition. You can scarcely imagine how unfit I am to assume any of these domestic responsibilities that you take up so easily, or how ashamed and discouraged I feel because, instead of being a comfort to my husband, as I had hoped to be, I must necessarily be a burden."

"Not necessarily, dear Mrs. Atherton," she replied softly as I turned away to hide the tears that would come. "You can learn. I was quite inexperienced when I came here, though I had always been accustomed to labor of some kind, and to the practice of economy and forethought. But I knew as little of house-keeping as you do."

I suppose my face must have betrayed my surprise as I looked up, for she smiled as she went on in her cordial, cheerful way to tell me about herself.

"I had been a music teacher. I had been educated for that and for nothing else. My mother died when I was only two months old, and I was brought up by my father, who was too tenderly attached to his lost wife to put another in her place. Before I could speak my taste for music began to show itself, and my father, himself a musician of considerable ability, determined that I should live by teaching music. I began to teach in my thirteenth year, and was engaged to play the organ at St. John's Church, where my father was leader of the choir, before I was fourteen. I played it seven years. I mention all this to show you that between my pupils and the necessary choir rehearsals I had no time, if I had possessed the inclination, to learn any thing of housekeeping. But when I married Charles, who was then poor like myself, and we decided to try our fortune at the West, I determined at once never to be at the mercy of the various and questionable kinds of 'help' that flourish in a new country like this."

"But *how* did you learn? You surely could not teach yourself. I would sooner undertake to acquire a new language, the Chinese, for instance, than to learn the indispensable art of manufacturing good bread. You smile, but I really feel so dismayed when I remember that the formidable bread-making is but as a drop

in the ocean compared to the whole mysterious medley of duties that I have no courage left. I would gladly barter all the graces and accomplishments of fashionable education for the satisfaction of knowing that I had wit enough to cook a plain, wholesome dinner."

"I can understand your feelings. Indeed, I felt much the same, and looked upon the years devoted to music as so much wasted time. I think differently now, and value any thing that will make home attractive. Charles says that he could not keep house without music. It has helped us over many a trouble. I think we need all the grace and beauty that we can command to soften the rugged spots that come up in every life. But I see that you want to know how I managed instead of listening to my moralizing."

"I should like to know how you learned to do housework so nicely."

"Well, I had a good teacher. Charles had one of those never-to-be-sufficiently-prized treasures, a pattern maiden aunt. She was a fountain of domestic knowledge, and a practical housekeeper, too. I should like to hear of any kind of cake, jelly, pastry, pickle, or preserve that she did not understand as well as King Solomon knew the trees of the wood. In plainer and more substantial cooking she was just as much at home, and also in every other department of housewifery. She was in feeble health, and we coaxed her to spend the Summer with us for a change of air, and also to give me a few hints about the work, as she saw I needed them. I think it must have been a sorry Summer for her, though she grew stout and rosy for the want of leisure to speculate upon her different ailments. I was not at first an apt pupil, and must have tried her patience severely. But when she left us I had got the rudiments of domestic economy, and experience and a strong desire to succeed have done the rest. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' Does my prosy experience tire you?"

"O, no. You have encouraged me very much. But have you never had a servant?"

"I had 'help' once for three months. It was after Willie's birth. It took three months more after she left to restore the house to its wonted order and neatness, and nearly that time to restore my good temper, which had been fretted beyond endurance by the woman's incompetency."

"And Willie?" I asked doubtfully, for I had seen no sign of the presence of children in the house.

"He was spared to bless us till he was three years old. His little grave is at the foot of

the garden. You can not see it from the house when the rose-trees are in leaf."

She was busied now with clearing away the breakfast things, but I saw that the wistful glance toward the roses mentioned was dimmed with tears. But she was quite cheerful again in a moment when she brought in her work-basket to sit with me by the fire.

"I wish I had a good old maiden aunt," I began, still unwilling to forget my difficulties.

"Suppose you let me supply her place to you as far as I can."

"You, Mrs. Warren? I shall be so glad if you will teach me. But you are only jesting. I should try your patience worse than your troublesome 'help.' Besides, Mr. Atherton may conclude to settle at a distance from you."

"Ah, I forgot that you were not here to hear our husbands' plan. You were not awake to hear them reconsider what they had thought so feasible after you had retired last evening. Come to the window, Mrs. Atherton. Do you see those noble trees on the slope of that hill? You are looking beyond it, thinking, I dare say, of hills that would pass for mountains here."

"No. I see the spot you mean. What a lovely situation!"

"I think so too. Well, Charles has agreed to sell that spot to Mr. Atherton for a building place, and you are to board with us till the house is completed. And we will learn one thing at a time so as not to be overtaken or flurried, and be as wise as possible when we set up in business for ourselves. Do n't you see?"

Her arm was round my waist as she spoke, and her face wore such a bright, cheery look that I could not be insensible to its enlivening influences.

"But suppose I am so stupid I can't learn? Suppose if I try ever so hard I should fail at last? You will tell no one till my capacity has been thoroughly proved?"

"You will not fail. But I will be as secret as you wish. Your success shall be kept as a pleasant surprise for Mr. Atherton when you commence housekeeping."

She kissed me as she spoke. Only two years older than myself, but so good and motherly that I unconsciously regarded her as greatly my senior.

Several days passed by, and I gradually became accustomed to the change in my life and enjoyed it. Yes, enjoyed it, though still sensible that between Augustus and myself the old icy wall of reserve remained. But he had not been unmindful of my attempts to adapt

myself to my situation, and when I exerted myself to make the evenings pass pleasantly, I saw the pride he felt in Charles Warren's outspoken and hearty admiration. You know what especial commendation my reading had received at Madame Coucelle's Academy. Would you believe that I had never before thought of beguiling my husband's thoughts from the weary routine of business by the exercise of this talent! But Mrs. Warren had been in the habit of reading and singing whatever her husband required, and after our first evening I did not wonder that he thought music essential to housekeeping. She was not a fine reader. She read correctly, but did not seem to me to share the feelings or to render the sense of the author perfectly. Still I should have hesitated in regard to taking her place, had not my strong resolutions to do my best at all times seconded her earnest entreaties. No orator could have desired a better audience. It was a speech of Mr. Sumner's that I read, and I think if the audience who listened to its first delivery were as rapt with his eloquence as our little quiet party, he should have been satisfied. Augustus took the paper when I had finished to replace it on the table. His look expressed a real interest in me as he said in a low voice,

"Let me thank you, Rose, for the pleasure you have given us."

I had another accomplishment of which he had never dreamed. You have guessed it, I think, for you can not have forgotten how my poor aunt used to scold me for covering my drawing-paper with architectural designs, or her delight when Col. Lane built his Gothic cottage from a plan taken from my portfolio. Well, when Augustus and Mr. Warren spent hour after hour in vainly endeavoring to combine in the plan of our house the beauties and conveniences that I thought so easy to bring together, I ventured to put a design of my own into their hands. I wish I could paint for you my husband's quick look of pleased surprise.

"It is the very thing, Rose. That bay window is a decided hit. And that cozy south nook for a library opening off the sitting-room I should never have thought of. Look, Warren, we had designed a clothes-press there and a closet for dishes. A rather out-of-the-way place for both. And this plan finds a corner for presses and cupboards in waste rooms where we had not expected any thing. Really, Rose, I think I shall constitute you chief architect of the concern and send the workmen to you for directions."

"No, indeed," I blushed with pleasure as I met his look, for I felt that, though slowly,

the ice between us was surely melting. But the old memories were too fresh, the cruel wounds too recent to be yet forgotten; so I prayed and waited still, content, with the hope of success at last, to abide my time.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

AUTUMN AND ITS LESSONS.

ALL that is earthly must fade. This is an annual lesson taught by the falling leaf, the withering frost, the silence that pervades the air, and the wreck and decay of vegetation as each returning Autumn assumes her reign. Another Autumn is upon us now. The tassels of the corn are dead, and the husks of the standing ears have lost their green. The scythe is shearing the hay fields of their last burden. Small yellow leaves that have exhausted their vitality before the advent of the frost are drooping one by one from the trees. Flower stalks that a few short weeks since stood proudly up green and glowing, bearing proudly up their wealth and floral beauty, now stand dark and dead. Autumn fruits bend from the boughs, nuts wait on the trees for the loosening fingers of the frost; carts go creaking home with homely roots, the granaries are already filled, and soon, housed and garnered, the products of the year will await the grateful use of man and animal.

All that is earthly must fade. "We all do fade as the leaf." Man has his Spring, his Summer, his Autumn, and his Winter. Some leaves wait not for the frost and fall early, and we who grow crisp and dry with age, and we who grow golden and glorious in the frosts of time, must alike follow them to the earth. There are worm-eaten fruits and blasted corn-ears in the fields of humanity as in the fields of vegetation. The good ones only can find a place in the storehouses of the great husbandman. The lesson of the Autumn bears upon and illustrates the whole subject of the close of human life. The year is but a hollow farce without fruit as the grand result. A human life in its Autumn, in which is seen no fruit, betrays a perversion so foul that it might make an angel weep, and as the angels look down upon the world may they find graces which blush like apples among the leaves, characters well filled out and clean from all impurity, true wisdom filling all the storehouses, and the seeds of an immortal life perfected and ready to be unfolded in

"Those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens."

"IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

BY MARY BARRY SMITH.

Not in remembrance of earth's din and battle,
Where ghastly skeletons strew all the ground;
Not in remembrance of the cannon's rattle,
Or of the brazen trumpet's martial sound;
Not in remembrance of the toil and sorrow,
The weary longings of the days gone by,
The gilded tinsel, and the pleasures hollow,
Or the bright hopes that now in ruin lie;
Not in remembrance of life's fitful fever,
The constant struggle, and the weary pain;
Not the base promise of the gay deceiver,
Or the green slopes thy foot could never gain;
But as in memory of *Me*—the holy,
Because I trod the path of life for thee,
Because my brow hath pressed a pillow lowly,
Because my head hath drooped so wearily;
Because I bowed beneath the branches spreading,
And on the matted grass in anguish lay,
While my weak flesh, the final trial dreading,
Prayed that the bitter cup might pass away;
Because my side the soldier's spear hath opened,
Because my head was crowned with thorns for thee
Receive the legacy my love betokened,
Receive it as in memory of me.

PURPOSE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

MAN has waked from superstition,
Fates and destinies are gone,
Gone, the tripod and the distaff,
When the threads of life were drawn,
And we all are what we will be,
Rivulets in meadows still,
Or great Hecla's burning icebergs—
Arctic fuel for the will.
If we will we dwell in cloudland,
Rule the sense of sight and sound,
When in Autumn's tempting twilight
Unearthed shadows flit around.
If we will, though whirlwind rock us,
We can dwell in perfect calm,
While the joyance of our spirits
Welleth upward in a psalm.
Let the cares that chafe around us,
Fortune's frowning and its smiles,
Smooth the edges of our natures
Like sea-nursed volcanic isles.
Glorious thoughts of ages vanished,
Headlands of our mental coast,
Quarried truth and wisdom burnished
Show us who have willed the most.
Glorious thoughts! we do them reverence,
Glorious acts are more sublime;
Acts and thoughts are only fragments
Till the Eternal endeth time.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

A PILGRIMAGE ON THE RHINE.

NIEDERWALD, OPPOSITE BINGEN, July 29, 1862.

MY first sketch was dated at Lodore, near the end of the English Lake district. This is at Niederwald, and near the end of the Rhine district. On a high hill is Niederwald. Though its name implies that it is of a lower region, it is only so in relation to the Oberwald—a superior range of upland on the west side of the river. The hostelry, like that at Lodore, is in the woods, and in a more solitary place. No house is near it. It stands in the midst of a clearing of a few score of acres, surrounded by thick forests. It is an aristocratic property, being nothing less than the hunting seat of Count Bassenheim. But these German counts are not like their English cousins of that rank, endowed with great wealth, and so he finds it more profitable to rent his house for a restaurant, especially as most of the game he could kill here would be no bigger than ants and musketoes. It is nine o'clock, the like hour of the night, but the sun does not ride so far in these southern heavens, and it has long been dark. That has not prevented us from taking our supper on the lawn and under the stars—the pleasant European fashion.

And now in my wide and pleasant room I am inclined to give you an itinerary of my wanderings on and along this famous river. It is far below me, yet I have been lingering along its banks so many hours that it seems to be flowing as it has been close under my eyes, with its fringe of mountains, vines, villages, and castles. I can not hope to give you an idea of what is so vividly impressed on my own mind. It is a long road often from one's eyes to his fingers, from his thoughts to his speech—much longer from his feelings to those of his reader. And the crowd of visions and thoughts which these three days' experiences have laid up in me may have to remain there like Ginevra in the trunk, with no power of escape, and doomed to ultimate if not speedy death. Yet they will try, as she probably did, to get out from their dungeon where they dwell. If you find that they do not succeed, and you see nothing as you look at this picture but a vague entanglement of ideas and sights, blame the instrument and not the objects it fails to set before you, for the Rhine is worthy of its fame, great as that fame is. I have walked along its banks, sat and slept beside them, and have formed almost a German attachment for it.

Let me give you the sober tale of my pilgrimage, or the salient points of it. It is the best way to set before you that of which you have read so much and know so little. I presume this new reading will not greatly increase the old knowledge.

The whole of the Rhine that is scenically famous is compressed within the short space between Bonn and Bingen, about ninety miles. Below Bonn its banks are as tame as Long Island; above Bingen, no better than the Hudson above the Catskills. History pays but little regard to scenic peculiarities, and so the upper and the lower banks are equally abundant in these stores. Cologne and Holland below, Spires and Worms above, are historically greater than any place between. But the combination of nature with man does not exist there, and that is what preëminently draws our feet hither.

We pass Bonn—a pleasant town on the river's edge of a rich, wide plain. It has attractions—a university, the graves of Niebuhr, Schlegel, and Beethoven—the birthplace also of this almost solitary poet of music. Other composers merely compose; that is, put together sounds—he fills them with ideas. But one can not see any more than he can study every thing he wishes. Bonn, too, being only a level city, does not come within our curriculum. So we sweep past, our eyes fastened on the mountains that grow on the opposite bank. Five miles and we are under them. The boat stops and we land at the foot of the "castled crag of Drachenfels." Half an hour's slow climbing, through vines, woods, and rocks, in a sultry sun, brings us to its summit. And there, for the first time, the Rhine is before us. One has to get above a landscape to understand it. It is our master when we are on its level—we are its only when we rise above it. So here we stand. A huge rock concludes the hill itself, scarred by nature and the need of man; for its quarries supplied the stone for the cathedral of Cologne: not the first time that out of a side has been taken beautiful ribs, which have grown into wonderful life and loveliness. On this sharp front, a thousand feet above the river, rises two huge walls—all that remains of the ancient castle. Under their shade we look out over the Rhine. Twenty miles to the north is Cologne.

"Sown in the center of a monstrous plain,
The city glitters like a grain of salt."

A little above is Bonn. Around it and before us the fields lie level—cut into squares and patches as the Connecticut meadows are from Mt. Holyoke. In fact, Drachenfels and Holyoke

are not unlike in height and position with reference to the valley and the neighboring hills. Flat and carved valleys are to the west and north, as they are there. The hills are east and south, as there; only the valley is larger, and directly before us begins to roll somewhat in those waves that heap up into great crests further south. To the east are only high wooded hills. Some of these are castled and venerable. On the highest—a beautiful green cone, four hundred feet above us—is an abandoned archbishop's palace, which sheltered Melancthon in the days of his peril, and whose occupant became a Protestant. A girl stands near with a little paint-pot and invites us to make ourselves immortal on these walls. Two groschen, or five cents, is cheap for fame, so for the first time we are tempted to buy the favors of the fickle mistress. But the boat was near, the rocks well covered, and we green at the business. So we failed in printing aught save our initials, which, being very common letters, will avail us but little with posterity. We wanted to get Mass., U. S. A., among these European hieroglyphs, but space and time failed us. Ohio is put up, however, in a most legible spot. So we are not without representation. After absorbing our time and groschen the girl said very quietly, *Sie müssen laufen*—you must run. And we found she was right in this if not in her temptations. So we lost our pennies and patience, got tired, and hot, and in a perspiration, all for a fame which we failed to secure. Let others take warning by our misfortunes and failure.

From beneath, and especially from the south, Drachenfels has a very majestic appearance. It springs up from the edge of the river light, and fierce, and strong as an Achilles. Opposite to it but on a lower point is a ruined arch over-run with ivy, standing on the edge of a woody precipice. Close below this is a little island full of grass and trees, on which is a large, three-story, square, old-fashioned, white stone building. Here begins the romance of the Rhine. That ruined arch is part of a castle built by Roland, nephew of Charlemagne. The building below is a nunnery. His affianced, hearing that he was killed at the wars, retires thither. He returns, is heart-broken at the tidings, and builds the castle close above her home, and there lives and dies a hermit, watching the spot he can not enter. A thousand years have not marred the sweetness of the story. A thousand years, too, have not swept away the religious house of refuge. Charlemagne and his family long since disappeared. Roland's castle is but a bit of a wall. But the nunnery still

flourishes. It was spared by Napoleon at the intercession of Josephine. The two greatest of French captains—the only two that made her an empire and extended her dominions beyond the Rhine—almost come together at this spot, and love connects them to it and each other. But, stronger than these armed warriors, religion survives and retains her ancient place and power. It is something to look upon a spot where sorrow has found shelter and comfort for a whole millennium. Much as we may acknowledge its abuses and unfitness to our age, we can not but respect so ancient and so permanent an institution of religion. The hills draw near the river on both sides. They are of very nearly a uniform height—seven to nine hundred feet—and slope up sometimes gradually, sometimes abruptly. Their steep sides are covered usually with wood on the right bank and vines on the left as we ascend, this probably having the best exposure. A fine Gothic church is perched on the high jutting point three miles below Drachenfels on the opposite bank, and processions of peasants with glowing banners are creeping up to it from under the cliff.

The hills assume bolder forms. Far up on our left is a huge mass of ruins on a very ragged promontory, looking far up and down the stream. Authentic history plants its foot here, for oddly enough these famous castles are many of them without name. Legends alone people their walls and write their history. But that is the Hammerstein castle, built in the tenth century, and the refuge in 1105 of the Emperor, Henry IV, when persecuted by his son. So says the guide-book. You are not much better off, for who this emperor was, and why he was persecuted, and how Absalom got the advantage of his father, I can not tell. You must look that up in your library. Enough that the proudest ruler of these regions was constrained to go up into that high place and cry, "O, Absalom! my son! my son!" The Swedes poured their army around it, and an Archbishop destroyed it in 1660. Ministers meddled in politics in those days as badly as they do in America now. He went further and became a fighting parson. No doubt he acted for the best interests of his people, for this was but a robber's nest that rifled Cologne of its treasures, and deserved destruction.

The grand and green defile through which the river has been flowing here subsides on our right into a low plain some ten miles long, at whose lower or northern edge is Andernach, and at its upper, Coblenz. Andernach is beautifully situated under the southern edge of the mountains—an old Roman town, the camp of

Drusus, producing as one of its chief articles of export millstones, which it also produced in the days of the Roman dominion, and some of which are found in Roman ruins in England. Here's a pedigree which makes even a Norman look young. Probably there are families there who have pursued the noble vocation of stone-cutting for over two thousand years. The king ought to search them out and give them the ancient castle and its demesnes with the appropriate title of Hammerstein.

On these plains, between Andernach and Coblenz, Cæsar and Napoleon are said to have crossed the Rhine at the same point, and for the same purpose, and with the same final issue. So history repeats itself. Is it a spiral? Were Napoleon's ends grander than Cæsar's? In reality, no. Christianity may give them a loftier issue. That alone can. Cæsar was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." Napoleon was also the minister of divine justice sweeping away a false Church and false rulers, with immense heaps of venerated rubbish on which they had enthroned themselves, and under which they had buried all the rights of man and of God. You feel at every step the great need there was of him and the great work he accomplished. Both forgot who raised them, and hence both were overthrown. But their work remained, and Christianity and liberty will yet as much recognize the services of the Revolutionary army of France and its wonderful head as it does the services of Cæsar and his legion.

It is dark ere we reach Coblenz and the frowning walls of Ehrenbreitstein. The Sabbath is quietly spent in this cozy, crowded spot. An English chapel gives us the privilege of hearing of the wonderful works of God in our own tongue wherein we were born—a privilege of which one feels the preciousness when his ears have been jangled for days by the unmeaning chatterings which make him a ready believer in the monkey paternity of our race, and as ready a believer in its return among these species to its original status.

We found we were doing up the Rhine too fast. Steaming by was like looking at a fast-moving panorama—soon won, soon lost—so we determined to make it a real pilgrimage, and do it after the ancientest fashion, for as fingers were made before forks so feet were made before wheels, whether on boats, or cars, or wagons. *Voilà les compagnons du voyage*—a staff, a rubber coat, rubber wallet, with two or three necessities, a note-book, guide-book, The Pilgrims of the Rhine, Childe Harold, a Con-

versation Book in English and German, and a Bible. Quite a company of pilgrim opposites set out from Coblenz on a two days' walk to Bingen. It had one good quality—no one obtruded himself on the other, yet all were handy and useful in their place. We passed out of the gates of Coblenz in the early morning mists, sultry yet shady. And to pedestrians shade is the first blessing. There are excellent roads close to each side of the Rhine. We leave on the Coblenz, or right side. Across tower the walls of Ehrenbreitstein along the sides and on the summits. Castles have not yet left the Rhine, and kings still fancy they afford them protection. You can not look upon this without thinking of the battles that have raged around it. It was a Roman camp, then a fortress of successive powers in the middle ages, vainly besieged by Louis XIV, taken by the Revolutionary army in 1799, when the besieged were reduced to such straits that a cat was sold for seventy-five cents and horse-flesh at ten cents a pound. It may witness ere its history concludes yet more horrible scenes. This fort is not alone; another is on a neighboring hill, two are opposite and above Coblenz, and the town itself is carefully inwalled. The bugle speeds the departing pilgrim, floating its vales from Ehrenbreitstein across the river. We pass pleasant gardens, cafes, and sauntering morning walkers. A little further on and Prussian soldiers are busily engaged in building bridges and erecting scaling-ladders. Their ancestors of the barbarian legions under Cæsar probably built them in very near the same manner and the same spot. It is a very simple thing. A squad take charge of boats, another of the joists or beams, a third of the planks. The first bring the boats to their places in military regularity. The second, with like system, take up the beams and place them on the boats, cuts being chiseled in them to correspond to the edges of the boats. The third party lay the planks upon the beams, and a bridge is soon built strong enough for horses and artillery to pass over.

Another sight a few rods below, less agreeable and more European, met our eyes. A party of men and women were transferring coal from cars to a boat. The men hoe the coal into huge baskets, and the women carry it on their heads to the boat. One man sat on the side of the boat fishing. The women looked very tired and the men very lazy. That is the general relation of the sexes among the laboring classes throughout Europe. Our women's rights reformers would have a grand field here; not that they are altogether useless in America;

but America is heaven to poor women compared with Europe. England and Scotland are as bad as Germany in this respect. No wonder their beauty dies away so soon. It never grows. A girl of comely face, and form, and gait is rare to see. What is so common in America is most uncommon here. Luxury destroys the beauty of the wealthy, poverty of the poor. Perhaps we ought to except France, for her mercurial spirits, cleanly habits, and tasteful nature prevent her hard-worked and heavy-burdened girls from losing all their attractiveness. But here and in Britain their spirits can not rally against their fate, and they

"Become subdued

To what they work in, like a dyer's hand."

Two miles beyond the King of Prussia has rebuilt the castle of Stoltzenfels—an imperial seat six hundred years ago. It hangs prettily over the road and the Rhine, and a fine, shady road winds up to it. We ascend and are carried over the palace. It is not large nor grand. Many houses in America are more splendid in size and furniture. His royal couch is shown you, and that in which Victoria slept on a visit here in the happy days that are no more. A plain, green silk coverlet, lace curtains, and a very tumbled-up appearance of the fleecy down that will not down—these characterize the royal couch of England.

Descend and walk a mile further, and on the bank of the river close by the road-side is a little round, open affair of seven arches resting on eight pillars with a ninth in the center, twenty feet in diameter and ten feet in height. There is nothing striking about it, yet it is the center of much of the imperial history of Germany. There for centuries met the seven electors of different States of the empire and made and unmade emperors. Maximilian appeared and took his oaths here before them. It is called König's Stuhl—"The King's Seat." Seven stone seats were originally here, but they are gone. It is hard to people a spot so intensely quiet and secluded with such important memories. The electors and their retinues, the emperors and theirs, the throngs attendant, the deliberations and passions, ambition, exultations, depressions—all of the mightiest that agitate the earthly soul—how they have gathered here! But electors and emperors long since left the spot. Kings will soon follow.

A short walk under the trees soon brings us to the ancient town of Rhense. There is nothing more novel to an American than a European town. Here is one whose houses are

almost all from three to six hundred years old. Great walls built of little stones, from which the mortar is gone, if it was ever there, surround an inclosure of half a mile square. Inside are huddled together old piles of mortar and wood, tumbling over on each other, with little lanes, 'cobble-stoned, creeping in among them. A very ancient and disagreeable church is in one corner. The old village churches of Catholic countries are usually very homely. In a little opening which might be called a square I saw an old signboard, whether of an ancient tavern or hospital I could not tell. On its front were carved figures, and underneath them, "*Vulgus Amicitium utilitate probat*," with the date of 1752. I had met with the motto before in the familiar proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," but I had never seen it done into Latin.

Right across the river from this town rise the old towers of Marksburg. It is the best preserved of any of the ancient castles. In fact, it is the only one which keeps its first estate. So I must visit it by way of the toll, and should have had to pay if its original owners and times had been extant. The visit was a heavier toll than the few groschen his servant could have wrested from my purse, for the hill was very steep and the day was very hot. But the view within and without paid us handsomely for the blood we had thus coined into drachmas. Within one could easily reproduce the old and horrid history in all save its magnificence. We learned from it that these nightly abodes of the middle ages were simply rude masses of rough stone. The walls were piles of rough mortared or unmortared bits of stone; the steps within narrow and steep ascents of loose fragments of slate; the ceilings low, and the grand saloon, now made into three moderate chambers, was originally only some thirty feet by ten, and seven or eight feet high. Yet this was no unimportant castle. Emperors had been confined here, and it is still used by the Government as a hospital for invalid soldiers, though it has any thing but the air of comfort which such an institution should possess. Cannon used by Gustavus Adolphus, and some taken from Napoleon by Blücher, probably at the time when Bonaparte whipped him at Quatre Bras, look down on the Rhine from its port-holes. It has been used as a State-prison till within a short time, and one of its cells is adorned with good sketches and affecting inscriptions by the hand of Lieut. Metternich, who was banished to America in 1832. He was probably of the famous house of that name, and was as bold a democrat as his

cousin was a monarchist. Hence his imprisonment and banishment. But the view without is very lovely, not of the Rhine alone or chiefly, but of the valleys behind the hills that border the river. See that tiny valley south of us not a quarter of a mile wide, a mile long, and two miles high. A little brook with a wreath of little willows twists its way through the middle in unconscious imitation of the windings of the valley itself. How rich and soft the grass! How solemn and paternal the great green mountains that swell up from it on each side! A like valley goes off to the east, but that spreads up on the sides of the mountain, and has a mill in it, and is marked off into farm patches. It is a grown-up valley, industrious and human, though still lovely, as all adult humanities ought to be in their daily service. This southern speck is a baby valley, too small for a mill, or farm, or house. It has nothing to do but be beautiful, and it does that duty well. This sight alone repays us for our walk hither, and is lost by those who only steam up the Rhine. A walk for an hour on the smooth road that clings with even curve close to both mountain and river, and we pass through a narrow orchard and enter the narrow town of Oberspays. Like all these towns its romance ceases the moment you touch it. Narrow, old, dirty, and poor, the inhabitants of the meanest row of American shanties are more comfortable than these residents of ancient and romantic, and, some of them, imperial towns. Fresh milk offsets an otherwise hardly-palatable dinner. We gladly escape into the open heavens and familiar mountains. Yet one thing in this little village touched us deeply. As I was passing down the street, filled with women and children, I saw a way-side pillar with its usual recess, and in it the image of the Savior on the cross, with this inscription beneath: "O Ihr, alle die Ihr den Weg vorübergeht, gebet acht und sehet ob auch ein Schmerz sei wie mein Schmerz." Lamentations i, 12. "O, all ye who pass by, behold, and see if ever sorrow was like my sorrow." The exceeding fitness of the words made it very affecting. I am no advocate for image worship, but I believe Christ on the cross could profitably hang in his churches. And these way-side reminders of His love are neither wicked nor foolish. The custom is older than Papacy, and will, I think, outlive it. Even the Mary has her divine child, and He may be worshiped even if in this vague and remote way. Though some preached Christ of envy and strife, yet the apostle rejoiced that he was preached. So will we rejoice that he is preached here, though in imperfect ways. Our

fathers kept the cock, with which many of these church steeples are crowned, and rejected the cross. They ought to have kept reversed their action—rejected the fowl and kept the sacred emblem. The crucified ought to be always before the eye of the soul—often that of the body.

After a sleep under heavy shade trees close by the banks we move on. The town of Boppard appears on the right bank—an ancient Roman camp, founded by Drusus—step-son of Augustus—a little level point at the foot of lofty, far-rolling hills; a most charming seat. Great steeples lift themselves toward heaven, and merry bells echo among the hills. We pass through a pleasant, straggling village opposite Boppard, whose inhabitants are all out for a holiday. Three little cannon stand in the road-way, and a bit of a fire is sedulously kept up near them. Beyond, a procession is formed of the parents, youth, and little children, headed by a row of girls of twelve and fourteen years holding to a chain of fresh oak leaves. Banners of crimson silk and of gold are at their head. They are waiting for the priest. I pass through their midst, the center of many strange eyes, and meet a carriage conveying its sacred burden. Instantly the little cannon shake the hills, the bells ring, and the festivities begin. It is some gala day, which the priests have substituted for the Sabbath, as they have themselves for Christ.

A little below this village and nearly opposite Boppard, on a very rocky range, are two ruined walls an eighth of a mile apart. They are subjects of a legend variously told. One version is that two brothers were the several proprietors, and, contending for the same lady, fell each by the other's hand. The Pilgrims of the Rhine has a prettier and probably as true a version. But it is not strange that such piles should have no real history. They were built for rapine, and their name and history have often gone to utter forgetfulness.

Opposite to them the mountains assume their grandest forms. Behind the shore cliff soars one of those brown, treeless, concave masses in which Grasmere abounds. South of it tower like lofty but greener peaks, and as you pass along your eye moves up into these far depths over a mountain valley of inexpressible softness and richness. To sit and look up that valley—not gorge—to contrast it with the top on which it spreads itself and the huge brown peak below it, and the palisade cliffs just above that spring up perpendicularly from the river—this was worth vastly more than all it had cost of strength and time. Such scenes are not men-

tioned in the Guide-Book, abundant in information as Murray's Vademecum is, and if they were must be slowly seen to be felt and remembered.

The shades gather on the river as we draw near St. Goar. Before us rises the Mouse—a mountain palace of the Archbishop of Treves. It stands on a jutting peak looking northward, half-way down from the grassy summits, yet a long, hard mile above us. It is an admirable ruin, perfect in its form. A great round tower in the rear and center, massive turrets and battlements—a great square structure thus appointed. So stands in its desolation one of many clerical palaces. Opposite rise the immense ruins of Rheinfels, the greatest of the castles of the Rhine. Under it is the crowded hamlet of St. Goar. We stop and bathe in the warm, swift river, and were well-nigh borne off by the fleet current. Had we so willed we could have gone down to Coblenz on our back much more easily and briefly than we had come hither on our feet. The gray towers of the jolly Church bachelors, and the far-stretching yellow walls of Rheinfels, lowered upon us as if they fain would spring at us for trespassing on their domain.

Refreshed with our bath in the real Rhine river, we easily pass over the short space that separates us from St. Goarshausen—a little cluster of houses opposite St. Goar—find a wide, clean, quiet house, and refresh our ears with the most exquisite echo we ever heard. A bugle played on our steps is repeated in its most airy and delicate modulations from the recesses of the opposite shore. A whole bar is played—as, for instance, one line of "America"—and it comes back to us as perfect as it left. For an hour the duet was kept up, and never could one conceive it to be an echo.

Tennyson must have sometime spent a night here, and from his experience created his delicious Bugle Song. Under the overhanging cliffs our first day's wanderings are "rounded with a sleep."

AMENITY ALONG WITH DUTY.

LET none imagine that the bare letter of duty or even the reputation of good resolutions will bear them wit' "golden opinions" through a life of action, despising those means which, like the farmer's heavy rollers, smoothen the ground they are compelled to crush. Let such persons neglect that amenity, that considerate bearing, so essential in the intercourse of life, and infallibly the return will be found a bitter harvest of aversion.

FIRST FLOWERS.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

I THINK we seldom love, when years have thrown
Their shadows round our feet,
The little flowers that first when spring-time comes
Hasten our steps to greet.

We do not watch to see the grass grow green
Where cowslips were last year,
Nor give a smile when first they 're blossoming,
Nor when they fade a tear.

But sometimes when the south wind blows all day
I go and sit, as then,
And weave those bright spring thoughts, anemones,
Into a wreath again.

The sky, as years ago, bends nearer me;
I reach my hands to hold
To lip and brow the purple violet,
The daisy's cup of gold.

I read in these best days, from some sweet song,
That "flow'rs are smiles of God,"
And I could kneel in heart-felt reverence
To kiss the very sod.

And then I go, dropping my fading flow'rs
To grasp ambition's bay;
The sky that seemed so very near to me
Again is far away.

Still the crushed violets have left a breath
Upon the quiet air,
And when I'd place my bay wreath on my brow
The violets are there.

THE PRESENT.

BY MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

OUR past is gone with all its sins and sorrows,
Lament it as we may,
Nor can we claim the future's shining morrows—
Our work is for to-day.

One single moment at a time is given,
Mark how its seconds fade;
Well, if they bear a good account to heaven;
Of these our lives are made.

To dream of future glories may be pleasant,
Or rove through memory's bowers,
But who shall pay us for the wasted present?
And this alone is ours.

The passing moment is our time of trial;
How will we dare to miss
The time God's mercy gives for self-denial
To win eternal bliss?

O, sons of earth! let us arise from slumber
And gird us for the race;
The moments that are left us who may number?
Now is the time of grace.

REASON'S whole being, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.

THE MASTER OF HOLLOW FARM.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

"CAN nothing alter your determination, Rachel?"

"Nothing; it will be waiting but a few months, and if you love me as you think you do you can surely wait that little time, Mark."

"Yes, I could do it patiently if you were near, if I could see you every Sunday as I do now, and talk to you of the farm and its improvements when it shall be ours; but you will be far away, not, perhaps, thinking of the weariness of the time to me."

"Mark," the pale woman beside him put her hand upon his arm, and looked steadily up in his face, "if I did not love you more than myself I could not do this thing. Love of you has nerved me to my duty. I say to myself, 'I will try to be worthy of him, for how few would love me! I will give him proof that my love is no light thing, for that which I do for a brother, tremblingly counting the cost, would be done for him without thought of cost at all.'"

These two persons stood at the door of a neat dwelling in the suburbs of one of our large cities, the woman in the doorway, the man outside leaning against the door-post. She was rather pretty and decidedly refined and pleasant looking, but a little below the middle height and humpbacked. Her face was pale, and her light hair was caught up with a comb, the ringlets falling in clusters over the back of her head.

He was a good-looking farmer, as he leaned against the door-post, with his feet crossed and his eyes downcast, seemingly regarding with great interest a stick which he whittled busily the while. He was the picture of health; his black hair was put back from a brow tanned by exposure to the weather, his cheeks were full, his eyes bright; altogether he had the *physique* she wanted, the strength of limb and firmness of muscle gained by exercise in the open air. Steadily he cut the stick with his broad, brown hands, seeming thoughtful and moody, for he had not looked up while speaking.

She stood almost touching him, with an expression of anxiety on her pale face. When she pronounced his name and put her hand upon his arm her lip quivered and her hand trembled; but his brow cleared, he took the little hand in his and stroked it as he would have stroked a frightened bird.

"Well, Rachel, well, I shall say no more. You are doing what few would do, and I know

there is no selfishness in your heart. I am a plain man, and do not understand and feel such things as you do. I should think it no duty of mine to go far from my home to work for a brother who had health and strength to work for himself. It is a shame in John to let you. You leave those who love you right dearly, and God grant you may never repent it!"

Rachel said no more. He felt her thanks in the tear which fell upon his hand and the pressure of her slight form against his shoulder, which was to her a bulwark.

Now, who are these people we have tried to bring before you? One, the woman, was a daughter of a mechanic, who had but two children, and they were twins; the other child, her brother, greatly differed from herself. Their father had died some years prior to this period, after settling his little property on his wife and humpbacked daughter, thereby giving them a bare support without labor, while to his son he left his shop and business, which was a good one.

The mother died soon after the father, and the son married. His wife was the daughter of a tradesman, young and pretty, accustomed to wait upon her father's patrons, and knowing little if any thing of housekeeping.

John Morrison was not altogether weak in character nor without energy, but he wanted stability of purpose. He tired of the business to which he had been brought up, and, after his marriage, was persuaded by his brothers-in-law to mortgage his house, shop, and tools, and with the money embark in a new business with them, of the details of which he knew nothing. He did so and lost all, besides becoming liable for some debts they were compelled to contract. When the knowledge of this came upon him he was almost wild; ruin seemed inevitable. His wife could not aid him, and they now had an infant to bring care and consolation.

John Morrison was not a character to rise superior to circumstances like these. He was young, and had great pride in being a master-workman, in having a shop of his own and hiring journeymen. When his shop was gone he became a day-laborer for his bread, and this wounded his pride. He was cross when at home, spent most of his evenings out, was evidently in the broad road, and neighbors and friends commented upon the change.

Rachel, his twin sister, as we have said, was humpbacked. She had fallen from an upper window when a child and been sadly injured. The physician employed ordered her into the country for change of air, and she was given in charge to her mother's sister, who lived on

a farm. Here in time she regained her health, but remained always a humpback. Her uncle was a well-to-do farmer, who boarded the schoolmaster, a graduate of Cambridge, who had thus set out to carve his own fortunes in the West.

On the farm with her uncle and aunt, Rachel lived many years, going to school in fine weather when she felt well enough, for she was long regaining her strength. She was quiet and often suffering, and the schoolmaster took much notice of her. She was his favorite pupil, whom it was a pleasure to teach, and to whom he devoted many a long Winter evening. He took particular pleasure in telling or reading to her stories of trials bravely borne, of sufferings for the sake of duty; he pointed out paths in life well trod by the lowly, and when the flush was on Rachel's cheek, and the tears in her eyes and he saw her heart burned with sympathy, and she longed to act, then he would gently speak to her of the trials which, through her peculiar affliction, awaited her, of the patience and endurance she must have as a woman to meet the little things which daily and hourly would come upon her, galling her spirit and touching her personal pride.

Rachel's improvement was rapid. Cut off from the sports of childhood, she learned to think while others played, and became a well-educated woman. It was while living at her uncle's that she came to know Mark Thornton, the son of a neighboring farmer, who went to the same school. Often in Winter, when the snow was on the ground, and the "Little Hunch," as the children called her, unable to walk, Mark would take turns with her cousins to draw her to school upon a sled constructed for the purpose. Soon an attachment sprang up between these two, commented upon and laughed at by the scholars, but regarded with a quiet smile by the "master," who readily understood why the delicate girl was so near the heart of the broad, brawny boy. Many a quiet lesson did he give the broad boy upon independence and indifference to the world's laugh when in the right. Many were the moral heroes he offered to his contemplation in a seemingly-careless but very winning way on their strolls homeward. It was a new study to him to watch the development of the character of these two, to look to that future of which they did not now think, to strengthen them for contact with life, teaching one self-reliance and depriving the other of a too great trust in self; self—that reed which snaps asunder when too hardly borne upon.

The broad, brawny boy grew to be a man,

and the humpbacked girl was his plighted wife; envied by many a country belle, who saw Mark Thornton's handsome face at the village church, thought of his good farm-house and his fields of waving grain, his cows and poultry, wondered what he wanted with a humpbacked wife, what he could see in Rachel Morrison to make her mistress of all these. In Rachel Morrison's mind they were as nothing. She was now twenty-three, and his was the only love that had ever been offered her, he the only man who had ever sought her. She knew well, for she had felt it, the horror men have of a maimed woman.

Rachel's mother and father dying, and her uncle selling his farm and removing to one of the new territories to reside, she went to town to live with her brother John, taking upon herself many of the household duties, and would willingly have become the housekeeper; but John's wife, knowing not how to perform them herself, was yet unwilling to surrender the necessary authority to another. In one year more she was to be Mark's wife.

Farmer Thornton had left his farm to his son with the condition that he was to till it for his mother for five years, taking for himself but a subsistence, she having the crops and other produce. At the end of that time, Mark being twenty-five, the farm was to be his, and his mother was to retire to a smaller one in the neighborhood, which was leased till that period. One year was now wanting to the expiration of the time, but John Morrison's troubles had come upon him, and Rachel, who was devotedly attached to him, after giving up her little all for the family benefit, resolved to do something to put John upright in the world before she married. She thought it over by day and by night; talked it over with Mark, who came every Saturday evening to spend the Sabbath with her, his only reply to her wishes being, "What can you do, Rachel?"

At length one morning, as she sat with the newspaper in her lap, her eye accidentally fell upon an advertisement for a teacher to teach a school in one of the new States; a female would be preferred, and the reference was to a gentleman she knew well, Mr. Slidell, a wealthy mechanic, who had often employed her father. Without speaking of her errand to any one she put on her bonnet and took her way to Mr. Slidell's house. He had just finished his breakfast, and was ready to speak to her.

After a cordial greeting he inquired her business. She took the paper from her pocket, and, pointing to the advertisement, told him she would like to have that situation. He was

surprised, and inquired her reasons for seeking employment. She frankly told him it was to aid her brother; that she had ascertained that for a certain sum her brother's shop and tools could be redeemed; that he was miserable, and his family most unhappy, and she thought if he had a prospect of ultimately regaining his position in the world he would make use of more exertion. She was fearful if the present state of things continued he would be led astray, as he had already contracted bad habits.

She also said she believed her old master, who had now become an eminent professor, would certify to her capability, as he had often told her she ought to be a teacher. Mr. Slidell listened attentively, putting before her all the difficulties of the undertaking. The school was a large one in a small town; she would be compelled to teach early and late, boys and girls of all ages, some of them rough from the woods, and then she must take the situation for two years; they had so much difficulty in obtaining a good teacher that they gave a liberal salary only on that condition. Rachel hesitated at the two years, but when he added, "If you get the situation I will advance the money to redeem your brother's tools and employ him immediately myself, but upon condition that he solemnly promises to stick to his trade in future. He is a good workman, and the sooner he is relieved from his present state of mind the better." Rachel thanked him from her heart, and was irresolute no longer.

Now came the most difficult part of all—the telling Mark of her determination. She faltered when she thought of leaving him, of going among strangers and being subject to prying eyes. Here people had become accustomed to her deformity, and now the lessons of her old master came into her mind and strengthened her. This was one of the duties that beautified and made holy the lives of the lowly. On one side was John, fallen and degraded in his own self-estimate, and going step by step on the broad road where there are so many travelers in a large city; on the other was John, free from thralldom, upright and honest in the world and at the sacrifice of what? only a few months of her labor. And did she hesitate? She did, but truth, nature, duty triumphed; it was but putting off for one year the happiness of Mark's wife to save John. Mark came as usual on the following Saturday to see her. She told him of her plan; what she had done. At first he laughed, really thinking she jested, but when assured she was in earnest he for the first time left her in anger.

Then came the temptations without and the

struggles within; the giving up one moment and nerving herself to persevere the next; the tears and sinkings of heart. But on that Sunday John looked more careless than usual in his dress, did not go to church, and was absent all the afternoon and evening. This decided her; she wavered not again.

During all this struggle she kept up an outward seeming of cheerfulness, although John's wife noticed she was very silent. During the week Mark came into market, and, his anger having evaporated, came to see her. They talked it over again. He could not reconcile it to himself, but when she laid her hand upon his arm—an action she knew from practice had a soothing influence, like a charmed whisper on a horse—and reminded him that since he had been nineteen, now five years, she had waited for him, and would wait much longer if necessary, and asked if he could not wait for her for one year, he felt rebuked for his selfishness, and had nothing to reply.

The one said softly as if ashamed of the words, "Do you think they will want a humpbacked schoolmistress, Rachel?"

And she replied, "I hope so." He mentally hoped not.

Now, this evening, after hearing all she had to say, after calling upon her affection for him to keep her, taking advantage of this affection, to wound her as she was incapable of wounding him, he reluctantly and with a heavy heart promised to oppose no more.

Several weeks have passed. The recommendation from her former master made the trustees anxious to secure the humpbacked schoolmistress. John's shop and tools have been redeemed, and after some natural reluctance to accept such a sacrifice from a sister, the promise exacted by Mr. Slidell made, and he is again afloat in the world, a master-workman, employed to fulfill contracts for that gentleman.

With a heavy heart but a high purpose Rachel has departed, and now we find her in the midst of her school on a dull Autumn day. It is a large, rough log building, and she is surrounded by boys and girls of all ages. It is an arduous undertaking, but Rachel has determined not to think of that. When she first made her appearance there was great rejoicing among the overgrown boys, who planned rare sport with the humpbacked teacher. But she had established her rule, and the humpbacked teacher is looked upon with as much veneration and obeyed with more alacrity than any of her predecessors.

A weary time had Rachel from nine o'clock till twelve, from one till four in the short Win-

ter days, then to walk to the house where she boarded in all weathers, rain, snow, or sleet, her only stimulus and consolation being letters from home, telling of John's prosperity and the yearnings of a heart nearer than John's.

The Winter passed. Spring came and Winter again; still was she cheered by her home letters. John was a different man; the world was going well with him, "and this is all through you, Rachel," Mark wrote. Rachel tried to be contented in her exile, but looked forward with a longing hope to the end of the second year, upon which she had entered, for Mark's obligation to his mother was out, and he wrote her that he had taken possession of his farm in bachelor discomfort waiting her release.

One, three, six months passed; there wanted but three now to complete the two years for which she had entered into bonds. But a change was visible in Mark's letters. Rachel at first tried to persuade herself they were as usual. Her anxiety, she thought, as the time drew near, made her fault-finding and exacting. Once or twice the regular mail brought her none from him, and now it was not to be disguised, they were less tender and affectionate than formerly. Yet she made all sort of excuses for him in her heart, and wrote as usual. At length there came a letter from her sister-in-law full of family detail; how happy John was, how the baby grew, and the gossip of the town. Just in conclusion she said, "Mark Thornton seldom comes to see us now. He goes to Coverdale to church, and people say he is paying attention to Martha Lamb."

No wonder Rachel Morrison's scholars, when they went home that day, told their parents their teacher must be ill—she was so pale and silent and seemed more humped than ever. She was stunned, almost paralyzed, for she could not realize what she yet felt sure was true, that Mark had forgotten her.

Martha Lamb was the belle of the countryside, a rosy-cheeked, beautiful girl, and he no longer went to the church where he had voluntarily promised her always to go for her sake, and where she every Sabbath morning imagined him to be. She felt he was lost to her; the aim of her being was gone, she was prostrate. Anxiously she waited for his next letter. It was tardy, but it came. There was no allusion to church, but accounts of quiltings and merry-makings at Coverdale, with no word of her return. She did not notice these things in her answer; she could not, she clung to hope.

It came at last: a letter in which, with many excuses and professions of loving her as

a sister, he told his love for Martha Lamb, and asked to be released from his engagement to herself. In a few words she gave him his freedom, calling God's blessing on him and his new connection.

Mark held the letter in his hand, and knew he had blasted the life of one of God's creatures. He read the words over, and wished Rachel had not written so kindly. There was heavy pain at his heart that evening as he trod the path to the old school-house to attend the singing class; but he met Martha Lamb looking so fresh and beautiful that the pain vanished, and Rachel's letter was forgotten.

Mark Thornton had believed two years before that it was impossible for him to forget Rachel Morrison. Imperceptibly the change had come over him. He was courted by the farmers' daughters far and near; felt himself of consequence; liked it, and entered into their merry-makings with spirit. His mother liked Rachel, but was not pleased with the idea that her only child, handsome and rich, should marry a humpback. So she had company at her house, invited the young and gay. Rachel was not there to guard the heart she had won, and so by degrees she lost it. Flattered and caressed, vanity and pride held sway in Mark Thornton's heart. He desired to make a show, to have a wife who would be admired, and Rachel's broken image was displaced to make way for Martha Lamb, who was nothing loth to become the wife of handsome Mark Thornton and mistress of Hollow Farm.

He married; she dragged on a joyless and almost hopeless existence, but for one comforter, God alone, and the sympathy of one distant friend, her old schoolmaster, to whom in her correspondence she confided all. One hand she must have to help raise the weight which was crushing her. And through his teaching she looked up. He tried to raise and exalt her nature; he showed her the perfume which would exhale from the crushing of this passion-flower. He sympathized—directed.

Not yet though, not steadily yet could Rachel tread the path he pointed. Her way was sharp and thorny, and the weak eye would follow the weaker heart in tracing its windings. Rachel knew and felt that the hopes and cares of a wife would never be hers, for did she learn to look upon Mark as nothing to her; yet who would love a humpbacked woman? The fountains of her affections must henceforth be sealed. She had heard his love for her commented upon, and persons almost in her very presence had wondered "what Mark Thornton saw in her." O, how crushed she was—how fallen!

The former cheerful schoolmistress was now the dull, languid woman who vainly tried for the sake of her duty to rouse herself. Her time was out—the two years, which in their passage had so changed her life. The trustees were as willing to part with her as she was willing to go, for she was altered—nerveless, joyless.

Again she is an inmate of her brother's dwelling. She hears every particular of Mark's wedding commented upon by her sister-in-law with a minuteness common to inferior minds. She hears reiterated, "How shamefully he has treated her!" till the worn subject is dropped through very weariness. She never sees him; he no longer comes to John's house.

One, two, four years pass. She is beginning to be her former self. Time has taken the sting from this great grief. The seed planted, watered, and nurtured by the good schoolmaster is bringing forth fruit. She is ennobled in her nature, exalted by this trial. Yet at times a yearning to see him comes over her, and she does not hear his name without a womanly weakness of heart. She devotes herself to her brother's children.

One evening a neighbor came in with her work. She said while talking to Rachel, "I heard in market this morning that Mark Thornton's wife was dying."

Rachel prayed earnestly that night. She prayed for Mark, for his wife, for herself more than all, for she felt old memories thronging to her. The yearning was at her heart; hope floated in the distance; but the temptation passed, and she was enabled next day when told of Mrs. Thornton's death to grieve truly for Mark's stricken heart.

She thought of him often now. He with his two motherless babes occupied her mind constantly. Six years had passed since she had seen him, and she longed to see him again, although firmly and with indignation she repelled the coarse jokes of her sister-in-law as to "the chance she stood now."

Weeks and months rolled on; she neither saw nor heard any thing of him. Thus eighteen months had passed since his wife's death. She was alone rocking the baby's cradle and softly singing; her brother and his wife were out, and the other children in bed. There was a tap at the door; she opened it, and a man stepped in without speaking. She held the candle to his face and exclaimed,

"Mark!"

"It is I, Rachel."

She walked to the table and put the candle down and seated herself, but trembled so she could neither speak nor sew, for mechanically

she had taken up her work. He stood beside her looking down on her.

"You have not forgotten me, Rachel?"

"No, Mark."

"Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, Mark, long since."

She looked up at him. He was older, sadder, more subdued. She missed the old blithe expression of his face. Her heart yearned to him, and she stood up by his side.

"I have never forgiven myself, Rachel. I have never been so happy as in those school times and after when I came to see you here. Martha was a good wife, but she was not to me what you were, Rachel. O, why did you ever go away?"

Rachel's tears were falling fast as she leaned upon the chair. He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Rachel, do you really forgive me? I feel you hardly should."

"Yes, Mark, freely, freely. I think of you kindly always."

"Will you forget all that has passed in the last seven years, and put yourself where you were when we last met?"

She could not answer. All the suppressed tenderness of years, all the yearnings of her heart for love—for *his* love—the voice of which she might not hear again, rushed up and overpowered her. She could only sob.

"Rachel, I have two children, two blessed, beautiful children; for their sakes love me again. I am more worthy of you now, base as I may have been, than in my first youth. For their sakes will you not put your hand once more upon my arm and call me 'Mark?'"

She took his arm and clung to him tremblingly, but spoke not. Tears left no way for words.

Then in that room Mark Thornton thanked God audibly that he had given him again the heart of his humpbacked love.

MODESTY.

You little know, says Baxter, what you have done when you have first broke the bonds of modesty; you have set open the door of your fancy to the devil, so that he can almost at his pleasure ever after represent the same sinful pleasure to you anew; he hath now access to your fancy to stir up lustful thoughts and desires, so that when you should think of your calling, or of your God, or of your soul, your thoughts will be worse than swinish upon the filth that is not fit to be named. If the devil here get in a foot he will not easily be got out.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY A COLLEGIAN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was one of the remarkable men who have graced the sphere of literature. He embraced in the wide compass of his genius every variety of topic. Unlike most writers, who confine themselves to some particular subject, his versatile mind took in all, and was equally at home in each. We admire the mind which is capable of dealing with the subtilities of metaphysics, or of drinking copious draughts from nature's well, or of putting the drapery of life over the dead images of history, or of idealizing in the fanciful imaginations and sentimentalities of poetry; but how shall we express our admiration for the one which combines all these within its own scope? View him in whatever light we will, whether as novelist, essayist, historian, or poet, Goldsmith shines forth in his attractive beauty and versatility. There is in all his writings a certain individuality which can not be lost sight of, and which renders them easy to be recognized. He was eminently a man of feeling, as the fervor of his writings testifies. He appeals more directly to the heart than to the understanding, though it can not be said that where reasoning was required, he was ever wanting to the occasion. In his conversations with Dr. Johnson are many instances of the quick perception and nice distinctions of his mind, and not unfrequently was the great "King of Literature" himself vanquished by his modest and unassuming friend. Boswell, in his attempts to ridicule Goldsmith, and depreciate his merits, has placed matters in a light as unfavorable to the poet as possible; but it requires no deep penetration to pierce through the thin film with which he has endeavored to obscure the bright genius of Goldsmith. Living in the golden age of English literature, with Johnson, Burke, Hume, and Gibbon as cotemporaries, Goldsmith had to share with others the laurels to which his genius entitled him. Yet amid this galaxy of talent, he failed not to attain and to preserve a high and enviable position. He was undoubtedly, his whole character considered, the first man of his time, if we except Johnson, in the acknowledgment of whose literary majesty all acquiesce, nor has he been excelled by any writer of later days. Yet he was even Johnson's superior in some respects. Johnson was a perfect compendium of knowledge, and a profound rhetorician, but he had a style not always pleasing, "big and burly," like his body; whereas, Goldsmith, with accustomed equanimity, flows ever on, the

very prototype of elegance and grace. His sentences, fraught with rich melody, glide harmoniously into each other, and every thing which falls from his pen is so chaste and pure, that we may justly call him the prince of refinement. But properly to appreciate his claims to our attention, it is fitting that we should look at some of his writings.

Let us first view him in the capacity of novelist. The "Vicar of Wakefield" is a work alone sufficient to crown the author with immortal fame. This book has been more universally read and admired than any novel in our language. In it Goldsmith has thrown his powers of imagination, and of analyzing the human heart. The passions are entirely at his control, and he depicts their workings with wonderful accuracy. He has woven into this work, with great tact, the solemn and the humorous, the simple and the grand. While some of the peculiarities of the old Vicar excite our laughter, yet when we behold him, in the midst of misfortunes falling thick upon him, bearing up with Christian fortitude and resignation, uttering no word of complaint, the sympathetic chord of our hearts is struck, and they respond as if acted on by magic power. He holds us spell-bound to such an extent that we lose our own identity in our pity, as we accompany the old Vicar with thoughts of sympathetic sadness over his rough and thorny path. This character is one of unequalled interest and beauty. With the other characters he has been full as well successful in portraying the different passions, and has exhibited the happy faculty of mingling ridicule with good sound sense and excellent advice. The "Vicar of Wakefield" is a book both interesting and instructive, and, as has been observed, it "must always be considered one of the most chaste and beautiful offerings which the genius of fiction ever presented at the shrine of virtue."

His historical writings embrace the histories of Greece, Rome, and England, and are couched in such elegant language, as to make them doubly interesting to us.

In the character of dramatist, he has not failed to elicit our highest praise. With a keen perception of the ludicrous, with his native humor and vivacity, he has greatly enlivened the world of comedy, and added largely to our means of enjoyment. Turn to his "Good-Natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer," of which latter Dr. Johnson said he "knew of no comedy, for many years, that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry"—a glowing tribute, surely, from a competent judge. Indeed, to those who have

read the play, the mere mention of "Tony Lumpkins" is sufficient to provoke a smile upon the most sober countenance.

Viewed as an essayist, he still preserves his charming characteristics. His "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning" is a masterpiece of literature, and in his "Citizen of the World" we have a perfect treasure-house of fine and lofty sentiments and beautiful imagery. His "History of Animated Nature" fascinates us with its descriptions so beautiful, and at the same time so truthful. In Goldsmith nature had an admirer no less warm and ardent than he was eloquent and powerful.

But in no department of the world of letters does his versatile genius shed such luster over his works as in poetry. In this field of labor we have the crowning gems of all his efforts. A true and enthusiastic lover of rustic life and manners, his happiest productions are confined to that subject, on which his mind so loved to dwell. His "Traveler" and "Deserted Village" are among the most famous poems in our language, and are familiar to all. Throughout the whole of them there is a tenderness and pathos so graphically expressed, that phrases and lines occur to us with the same readiness as from perusing Shakspeare. The plan of the "Traveler" is simple, being but a narrative of the poet's own wanderings. So also is that of the "Deserted Village," Auburn being his native place, and the village preacher his honored father. The sketches of scenery in the "Traveler" are unequaled by those of any other work. What can we conceive of more delicate and expressive than the description of Italy, beginning,

"Far to the right, where Appenines ascend,
Bright as the Summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's moldering tops between,
With memorable grandeur mark the scene."

He next proceeds to speak of the inhabitants, and their effeminacy, resulting from their lazy and luxurious mode of life, and contrasts their present condition—these "splendid wrecks of former pride"—with their ancient prosperity and fame. Let us follow him now from this scene to rugged, mountainous Switzerland, and her hardy peasants.

"My soul turns from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May;

No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest."

Again, how vividly he portrays to the mind the careless grace and sportive ease of French life!

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour."

It is with such descriptions as these that the "Traveler" abounds. Did our space permit, we might quote largely from the "Deserted Village." The great difficulty would be, however, to know not what we should select, but what we should omit, for the whole piece is but one continuous strain of melody. To my mind, nothing in the whole realm of poetry can rival the simplicity and elegant diction of these two poems, and nothing much short of inspiration could touch deeply the tender chords of the heart.

The writings of Goldsmith have so endeared him to us, that we can but manifest a deep feeling of interest in his life and every thing that pertains to him. The shadowy gloom which overcast his whole life, tends but to increase our interest. We blush for shame, when we think of the long and cruel neglect of the world to recognize the man in the poet. He was but human, and had his failings, as all mortals have. The world abounds in philanthropic maxims, but is very guarded in its application of them. There is no greater popular fallacy than that which ascribes to education and genius the boon of the world's honest homage. I do not mean to say they are not deserving of it, for all mankind readily admit that they are. There is a vast difference between theory and practice, however, and before us is a striking instance of the fact. Education may be king, but Gold wields the scepter. After all, it may be better so, for there is nothing so good as adversity to call forth the dormant energies. In the case of our poet, we see this verified. His finest works were written as the only means of escape from his embarrassments. The "Vicar of Wakefield" he scratched off in a very short time, while he was a prisoner in his room, his landlady holding him for his rent, which he was quite unable to pay. For us, it is better that he was situated as he was, for otherwise the

world would never have enjoyed his embellishments of literature, nor would ever the name of Goldsmith, now destined to live as long as the language itself in which he wrote, have overstepped the narrow pale of his own existence. His loss was our gain.

We can not say of him, in speaking of his life, as is customary in such cases, that while quite a youth he evinced remarkable talents, and gave early promise of future greatness. On the contrary, while at college, he was very indolent, and made no display of uncommon talent, and it is more than probable that he never would have done so, had it not been for pecuniary embarrassments. Let it not be supposed that he wrote for amusement. His very bread was bought by his mental labor. Born in the humble walks of life, he was obliged to depend wholly on his own exertions. In vain he tried his skill in various pursuits, and always with the same bad success, till driven by want to the pen as a last resort; he then began to fulfill his destiny.

In his private character we find many noble traits, which stand out boldly in contrast with the cold, unfeeling world. He was frank and unassuming, and of an extremely-affable disposition. Unselfish and generous to the very last degree, he was ever ready to share his last penny with those in distress. Knowing from bitter experience the pangs of poverty, he was quick to rush to its relief. His sympathies were aroused at the mere recital of tales of suffering. He was kind and affectionate, and one of his purest gems is the beautiful tribute paid to his brother in the "Traveler," where he says,

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

After a life of care and trouble, in which he was goaded on to despondency, and almost to despair, by the relentless fury, Debt, he died in 1774, at the age of forty-five. The hand of charity dug his grave, and poor Goldsmith found there what he had found no where else, a charitable concealment from the ills of life.

—○○○○—

THERE is only one circumstance in which the upright man will imitate the hypocrite; I mean in his attempts to conciliate the good opinion of his fellow-men. But here the similarity must cease, for their respective motives are wider than the poles asunder; the former will attempt this to increase his power of doing good, the latter to augment his means of doing harm.—Colton.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

FOR three years I had been a daguerrean artist in the village of N., and during that time I had been as happy as a man can be whose desires are moderate, and whose wheels of life run smoothly. I had a pleasant home, and a mother and sister whose loving care would have made a desert habitable. Besides this, my reputation had gone abroad, and every family in the place and for miles around could boast of a collection of likenesses, of all sorts and sizes, of which I had no reason to be ashamed.

This sort of agency, however, began to be distasteful to me; the sun was the true artist in that line of business, and I could take but little credit to myself. Genius began to assert herself, and try her wings preparatory to a higher flight. I felt there was that within me to which I must give voice and expression. My portfolio was filled with sketches which had elicited praise from strangers as well as friends. I had never attempted much in oil-coloring, although my taste lay in that line, and want of leisure had been the chief impediment. It was a lazy day in August, and the long afternoon had brought me no customers but flies, and the sun had no power to transfix them for any length of time. It was more tolerable in than out of doors, so making myself as comfortable as possible, and having nothing better to do, I fell to dreaming. Raphael, Guido, Titian, and those of ancient and modern days, whose works had been my admiration, wrapped in tinted shrouds, glided before me, and seemed to beckon me to join the throng.

I yielded to a feeling of lassitude, and was borne through halls whose very walls and pavements seemed instinct with life. The sun shone warmly through variegated frames that scatter hues as bright and gay as plumes from Eden birds. The place was odorous with spicy breezes; and through an opening in the roof I had glimpses of a sky whose depths of blue made all else pale by contrast.

Far up toward the dome, my glance, directed by a winged being, fell upon a vacant niche, and as I looked, a hand was writing my name in golden letters bound with crimson. Riveted to the spot, I could not take my gaze from the astounding revelation, for so I fancied it to be. Presently a ladder descended at my feet, and eagerly I prepared to mount it. Every round was studded with sharp nails that penetrated my flesh, causing the blood to flow; yet still I experienced no pain. I had ascended a consid-

erable height, when turning to look at the niches whose occupants I had outdistanced, gratified pride made me giddy. The strain of my feet weakened the round of the ladder, and I was precipitated to the pavement. The shock, and a sudden rush of cold air roused me completely, and I awoke to find Mattie standing over me in the very act of administering a good shaking.

"Supper's ready, and we've been waiting for you this hour."

It was my sister's voice, surely. The camera stared at me like a Gorgon on stilts, and my beautiful vision faded out, and left me with ambition still unsatisfied, in a room of very small dimensions, and no prospects ahead.

It was easy to say, "wait, wait," but it was a difficult thing to restrain my youthful ardor, and with no definite arrangements made, no plan on which to work, I was determined to do something, and that quickly. I thought this over while I was preparing to accompany Mattie home, and on my way there, and during the remainder of the evening, I was working out my problem.

After a night of wakeful restlessness, tormented with a desire to see over the wall that hedged me in so completely, daylight dawned on the natural world, and threw a ray across my obstructed vision. Eureka! Ambition pointed to Rome. That was the way up the ladder; there the germ would develop into the perfect flower. I felt invisible cords drawing me thither. I saw pale hands beckoning me to the haunts of Genius.

My mind was made up, and in order to carry out my design, it was necessary to begin practicing the most rigid economy. There were difficulties in the way, but I was determined to surmount them all. Mother and Mattie agreed to help me in every way, and, to show their willingness, even went so far as to take in plain sewing, so that there should be as little demand as possible on my purse. I think it must have been out of sheer good-will that the villagers took duplicates of their likenesses, and even commissioned me to daguerreotype the scenery of the place. Photographs were as yet unknown. I think they would have brought their horses and cattle to my room, if it had been at all practicable. As it was, I succeeded admirably, and my spirits rose accordingly, as mother's and Mattie's became depressed.

The pictures I drew for them to admire failed to produce the desired effect, for ever in the foreground was the dear son and brother, who was so willing and so anxious to leave them. They had not the heart to repress my inclina-

tions, or to lay a stumbling-block in the way of my advancement in life. Ambition was all to me, and I was all to them. Months of ceaseless activity passed, and I was ready to take my departure; and men, women, and children came to take me by the hand and bid me "good speed." They were proud of me then, they should be more proud of me when I returned; and amid tears and blessings, with a hope in my heart that would not be discouraged, I started fame-ward.

Need I describe my sensations on arriving at the Mecca of my pilgrimage? It would be impossible. Such a variety of emotions assailed me I was hardly conscious of my own identity. I walked in dreams. Every thing possessed some attraction for me, even the "lazzaroni," who besieged my window nightly, and drove sleep from my pillow, seemed necessary adjuncts to the perfection of the whole. I was an enthusiast. My deity was Art, and at her shrine I worshiped with all the ardor of a young devotee.

But there were necessities that required something solid to work upon; whose demands were not to be denied, and they operated against my indulging in the "*dolce far niente*," of languor-loving Italy.

So to work I went with a will; and realized, by the sale of my cabinet pictures, a sum sufficient to meet the wants of the present.

My designs were bold in style, original in conception, and connoisseurs and brother-artists gave me much encouragement, and urged me to still greater efforts. At first there was a tugging at my heart-strings, and at irregular, but oft-recurring intervals, the spirit-voices of mother, sister, home, were near me, and haunted me with their almost irresistible pleadings. Ruthlessly casting aside these chains that bound me, I took to lotus-eating, and became a selfish pilgrim, with the staff, Art, in my hand, and the goal, Fame, in the distance.

At last the inspiration came that was to lead me up the golden ladder, and already my dream seemed more than half realized. It absorbed me completely; I took no interest in any thing outside of my studio, no thought or feeling beyond my canvas.

Slowly, O, so slowly, the delicate tints outlined the picture, and every touch sent a thrill through my frame, and made me feel that this should be my master-piece.

How hard I worked that Winter! I grew thin, wild-eyed, and anxious; but I was buoyed up by an indomitable will, and a determination to resist every impediment in the way of my

progress. I made a martyr of myself, and never knew it. Day in and day out, with the least possible relaxation of body or mind, I spent myself a prodigal to the last.

It stood on my easel completed, and yet how I hated to leave it! I fairly loved the insensate thing that had been my close companion for so many months. It seemed instinct with life, and I hung round it and caressed it with all the fondness of a parent for his offspring.

It was full of beauty to me, but I was a partial judge. The world must be the umpire, and I—had I patience to await the world's decision? As soon as it was noised about that the picture at which I had worked so assiduously was really finished my studio was turned into a reception-room and visited by high and low. I noted its effect upon all; I watched the start of surprise, the appreciating glance, the critical scrutiny; received the congratulations of many, and felt satisfied with the result.

I said I was a lotus-eater. After the completion of my picture the chord which had but responded to the touch of the artist vibrated anew to the home-melody that surged wildly through my being. It was the "Rans aux Vaches" to me, and every hour added to the intense longing to be once more at home.

You know the feeling; how impossible it is to be patient, how every trifle hinders, and how far your heart outruns your footsteps. I had decided to exhibit my *chef-d'œuvre* in the "Academy of Design" the ensuing season. Already I anticipated the meeting with mother and Mattie. I had altered so they would never know me, and I pictured to myself the rapturous joy with which they would greet me, and the pride they would feel in my acquired honors.

We landed at the pier, and it seemed an age before I could secure my baggage and attend to the safe transportation of my treasure. The cars lagged fearfully; the engine fairly crawled along the iron way. Above all the din that accompanied us I could hear my heart beating as if it said, "Too late, too late," and it seemed to madden me. I reached my native village late in the afternoon of a sweet June day. I sought my home. A terrible apprehension seized me as I touched the latch of the gate. The presence of an invisible something seemed to hold me where I stood.

Roses clambered up the cottage wall, and their fragrance, though sweet, sickened me. There was the heliotrope I gave to Mattie, the mignonnette, mother's favorite, the velvet-leaved pansies, but all so choked up and overgrown

with weeds that had I not been familiar with the spot I could never have discerned them. Desolation was written all over my once happy home.

Probably mother and Mattie had removed to a smaller house. I inquired at the next neighbor's, and was stared at as though I had come with a writ of "habeas corpus" which was instantly to be put in execution.

Finally an old man came forward, whom I remembered well as having been one of my patrons some years previous, and with much circumlocution and hesitation of manner he directed me to a certain part of the village.

Thither I went, and being obliged to pass the graveyard I halted to look at the spot where my father was buried ten years before. What was that? A phantasm of a brain surcharged with intense emotions? A dread reality? It can not be! I jerked open the wicket gate, and with a trembling hand and eyes suffused with tears, spelled out the inscription on the glittering tombstone—"Mary, wife of Jonas —."

I clasped the sod that covered all that was mortal of my mother and sobbed out my agony, longing all the while—O, how intensely!—for her faithful breast to lean upon.

While I was recovering from my paroxysm into which my grief had thrown me, I heard footsteps advancing, and ere I could calm myself to any thing like composure I felt that some one stood beside me. I arose, half angry at the intrusion on my private sorrow, and stood face to face with Mattie.

I knew her, though she had changed somewhat, and I held her in my arms and thanked God he had left me something to live for. She had come with flowers for our mother's grave, and she drew from me with a laugh and began arranging a wreath.

"Arthur is coming home, you know," she murmured; "he loves flowers, and so does mother. We will be real happy when brother Arthur comes. She went away and left me to watch and wait. It's very tiresome. Every Summer the birds and flowers tell me he's coming. They are pretty cheats."

Heaven defend me! My darling sister insane! This was worse than death. No use telling her her brother had returned; the unconscious look in her eye forbade that. I prayed that the ground might open and engulf us both and so finish the drama of our lives. But it could not be.

I found the family with whom Mattie made her home, and learned from them what she and my mother had endured through my neg-

lect—trials which physically and mentally had done their work.

I am famous. But love is better than fame. I have won the affection of my sister, over whose weakened brain there comes a dim consciousness of the relation I bear to her. I find my happiness in making others happy.

When I stand before my picture and drink in the praise that comes to the author through it, and realize the accomplishment of my desires, over the canvas the panorama of my life seems passing, and when I think what I have paid for the bubble I feel it is not worth the price.

CLOUDED STARS.

BY LIONEL CLIFTON.

THE daylight was fading softly,
And I shut up my book with a sigh,
To wait for the lamps of evening
To brighten the twilight sky;
And one after one they spangled
The beautiful arch above,
And answered my gaze as softly
As the eyes of the friends I love.
But soon o'er the blue sky's bosom
A shadowy cloud was drawn,
And the stars that had beamed so brightly
Were all from their places gone;
Yet I knew they were calmly shining
Where the sky is forever clear,
And I knew that by patient waiting
I should see them at length appear.
Then softly, O, very softly,
A delicate breeze swept by,
And brushed with its airy pinions
The clouds from the azure sky;
And there in their tranquil beauty,
Like pearls in a crystal rill,
The beautiful stars of heaven
Were beaming above me still.
O, thus from affection's circle
The jewels of love depart;
Thus falleth the cloud of darkness
And gloom on the mourning heart,
But when from our tearful faces
The shadows of earth shall fall,
When we put on our robes immortal,
Then, then shall we see them all.

FAME.

Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities,
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place?—*Moore.*

THE CALL OF FREEDOM.

BY WM. H. COOK, M. D.

For the country of our sires,
Bought by their best blood—
For our altars and our fires,
Where our mothers stood,
Leave the anvil and the plow,
Seize your choicest armor now;
Haste from hill-side and from valley,
Come from mountain and from plain,
Round our glorious banner rally,
And its cause maintain.

CHORUS.

'T is the voice of freedom that is pleading;
Haste to the rescue of her fame:
Now our peace and liberty lie bleeding
Onward to crush their foes in shame

In corruption dark and foul
Treason wove her snare;
Truth unknown within her soul,
Naught but evil there.
Fatt'ning on the slave-chain's clank,
Breeding crimes and horrors rank;
Theft and rapine her vocation,
Murder-stains upon her hand,
Spreading war and desolation
Through our beauteous land.
'T is the voice of freedom, etc.

O'er her noble children dead
See our country mourns;
Deep in sorrow bows her head,
While to us she turns,
Calling us to deal the blow
That shall lay the tyrant low;
Pleading with each son and daughter
To undo the traitor's chain,
Pleading that we end this slaughter—
Shall she plead in vain?
'T is the voice of freedom, etc.

By the name of heaven's truth,
By the sacred dome,
By the partners of our youth,
By the love of home,
Like our sires who freedom won,
We will gird our armor on:
Rally round our country's glory,
And her holy cause maintain;
Strike the monster treason gory,
Break its cursed chain.
'T is the voice of freedom, etc.

Come, ye farmers bold and strong,
Come, ye workmen brave,
Come, ye freemen old and young,
Liberty to save;
Heart with heart and hand in hand
Let us here together stand,
Purity our souls possessing,
Battling for the good and right;
Heaven will add its choicest blessing
To the freeman's might.
'T is the voice of freedom, etc.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY R. A. WEST, ESQ.

NUMBER X.

WIFEHOOD.

MY DEAR —, I have somewhat delayed this letter in order that its counsels may be fresh in your mind when you enter upon the new and inexpressibly-important relation of WIFE. I need not say that your approaching marriage occupies much of my thoughts and occasions me no little solicitude. I know well that he to whose care I shall surrender you is in every way worthy of the trust, and that both love and duty will prompt him to fulfill the solemn vows that in marriage he will take upon him. Yet it is no light or easy thing to step down permanently into the second place in your affections and allegiance, and to transfer to another's keeping the present and future welfare of a cherished and beloved child. But I bow to what I believe to be in the order of God's providence and for your happiness; and, although it costs me a pang, I will say to you that next to God your first allegiance and the first place in your affections will be due to your husband. You may not cease to "honor your father and your mother," for the divine Lawgiver has made that duty to be of perpetual obligation. But your duties as a daughter will be subordinate to your duties as a wife, for this also is divinely ordained, and I should be doing a wrong to Mr. — and an injury to yourself were I to teach you any other doctrine. You may, therefore, start in married life with the knowledge that your parents, while loving you not a whit less tenderly than heretofore, fully recognize and concur in your changed relation toward them, and desire, for the sake of your own happiness, that your first care shall be to please him to whom, "for better or for worse," you are to be joined till death severs the bond of your unity.

You have too much good sense to expect "unmingled bliss" even in your union with Mr. —, and I am unwilling to cast a shade over the future by any prolonged moralizing upon the uncertainty of human happiness. Indeed, I believe that you will be truly happy in your new relation and sphere. I can see no reason why you should not be. Some trials of your mutual affection, some occasions on which there must be reciprocal forbearance if you would preserve the even flow of the stream of your wedded happiness, you must expect. Whenever such occasion arises let it be your first care, so far as in you lies, to have the

disturbing cause totally removed. No concession can be too great, no submission too complete that dispels the shadow that falls upon your married life and thrusts itself between you and your husband.

Especially do I urge upon you, my dear —, to begin aright in your new sphere of happiness and duty. A good beginning rarely fails to make a good ending. From the hour that you become Mr. —'s wife step into the full dignity and responsibility of wifehood. Henceforth you have done with all the lighter habits and tastes of the unmarried woman, and have become your husband's companion and helpmate in the serious work of life. It is well for you that your excellent mother's teaching and example have familiarized you with domestic affairs, for undeniably your husband's happiness and comfort, and yours by consequence, will depend largely upon your disposition and ability to wisely rule and manage your household. Your house will be a happy home in proportion as you, infuse order and harmony throughout its various departments. Thus will you secure the confidence of your husband and the respect of all. I need not here define your *religious* obligations to your household. On that subject you have had line upon line and precept upon precept, and I have no doubt that you and Mr. — have well determined that from the moment you jointly enter your new domicile it shall be sanctified unto God. My counsels now have reference exclusively to your approaching conjugal relations, and I want you to be well convinced that it is of vital importance that you promptly make your influence and authority felt in your household, and from the first establish order and regularity in every department. To do this at once will save you many annoyances, and make the duty easy through all future time. You are to do this as much for your husband's comfort as for your own love of order. Therefore, let there be with all your system no frost-work of needless preciseness cast over your husband's home. Few things are more repulsive to a man of generous nature, warm affections, and domestic tastes. When your husband seeks his home after toiling all day for *your* comfort, he has a right to expect that *his* comfort shall in turn be consulted. While his love for you will make him careful not to weaken your authority or needlessly derange your household plans, you must not seek to bind him too strictly by such "rules and regulations" as you may see fit to establish. Home should ever be to him a place of relaxation and enjoyment, otherwise he will at least be under temptation to seek them else-

where. He will expect, and has a right, to be, to some extent, *off duty* when he returns under his own roof. It is your province to see that he realizes these expectations by having his home always ready for his glad and welcome reception. This is your equivalent for his industry and toil in providing you with all needful comforts. Some one has truly said that a husband owes his wife no duty that does not involve a duty from her—a truth that I would not have you forget, as the manner of some wives is. If a wife would have her husband love his home beyond all other places she *must make it attractive to him*. And it would be strange indeed if with her vantage-ground a wife can not outstrip all rivals in this respect. Competitors for your husband's society you will have, but you will have the start of them, and if you *will* can outvie them. Your husband will love you as he loves none other. A smile from you, a kiss of welcome, a word of cheer, the smallest attention that you pay him will be infinitely more potent than all outside attractions. In sober truth these will have little or no influence over him till you have first in some degree alienated him by the coldness or indifference of your reception or repelled him by the discomforts of his home.

But not only should you study, my dear —, to make home pleasant and attractive, but yourself, in person and in mind, agreeable to your husband. You have in this matter had an excellent example which you can not too closely copy. I know of no more common mistake, and I had almost said no error so fatal to conjugal happiness into which young wives fall than that of becoming careless about dress and personal attractions generally because "*only* their husbands" are expected to see them. They wrong their husbands, and they wrong themselves even more. Avoid this error as you value your husband's unabated love and your own happiness. There can be no man on earth to whom you ought to desire to look so attractive and charming as your husband. And you must bear in mind that if it is "*only* your husband" who thus sees you in dishabille, in all probability his wife is the *only* lady whom *he* sees thus slovenly in her person and attire; for just as you would then avoid being seen by a visitor, so will other ladies not permit themselves to be seen by your husband in like untidiness. As you would dress—I mean of course with equal care and neatness—to sit down to your first breakfast as a wife, or to receive your husband on his first evening's return home from his day's business, so dress at all future times. Thus will you respect your-

self, honor your husband, and retain his admiration beyond all other women, which ought to be your ambition, and will be an unfailing source of domestic happiness. And while *preserving* carefully the graces of person be careful to *add* to the graces of mind. Your husband, by his intercourse with the world, his intercommunion with men and things, will inevitably, almost without effort on his part, be constantly adding to his stores of general information. On the other hand, your domestic pursuits and comparative seclusion will be unfavorable to the acquisition of such knowledge. But you will have no little time for reading and mental improvement. Improve your opportunities conscientiously. Retain all the knowledge you have acquired and systematically add to your stores. Do not think that because you are established in life and have matter-of-fact household and wifely duties to perform, that therefore you may neglect mental improvement and allow the field of your mind to run waste. You are to be your husband's companion in an intellectual sense as well as in others, and this you can not be unless you keep pace with him in mental improvement, though you gather flowers from different fields. Be prepared to reciprocate the pleasure you will derive from the information he will impart by enriching him from your own stores of thought and sentiment. If you perseveringly aim at this your husband will never have to seek intellectual companionship elsewhere, and thus you will place another golden chain upon his affections. Perhaps I may judge too favorably of my sex, but I verily believe that no intelligent and affectionate wife, sincerely solicitous and *careful* to hold a legitimate sway over her husband, need have to complain that she has labored in vain.

Many other counsels occur to me, but I would not burden you with advice at such a time. Much must be left, and I can cheerfully leave it, to your own good sense, to your healthy perception of duty, and to the promptings of love. Briefly, let love between you be without dissimulation. Be scrupulously honest with your husband in every thing. Have no confidences that he can not share, no concealments from him whatever. Be kindly affectionate toward him. Sometimes the cares, the perplexities, the undefinable unpleasantnesses of business may send him home with heavy brow and possibly with ruffled temper. Never let the cloud be reflected on your own face. With unostentatious affection wait awhile till the sweet influences of love and home have had their gentle sway, and then your welcome sympathy will come in to soothe the chafed spirit and dispel the cloud. God bless

you, my dear child! and if—which I can not doubt—you prove as loving and dutiful a wife as you have been a daughter, blessed will he be who takes you to his bosom and his home.
Your affectionate father.

—o—o—o—
THE DONAS GONZALES.

BY HON. G. F. DISCOWAY.

"He passed me—and what next? I looked on two
Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
For the same guilt—his sisters! Well I knew
The beauty on those brows, though each young face
Was chang'd—so deeply chang'd—a dungeon's air
Is hard for lov'd and lovely things to bear;
And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,
Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez! flowers
So cherished! were ye, then, but rear'd for those dark
hours?" FOREST SANCTUARY.

MRS. HEMANS has made the story of the Donas Gonzales and their brother Juan a theme of the finest stanzas in that pathetic poem, the *Forest Sanctuary*. It is an affecting record of heroic devotion to the Reformed faith, and has inspired the pen of a female poet, distinguished for the touching tenderness of her pious muse. A Spanish Protestant refugee is made to relate, amid the wilderness of a North American forest, where he found an asylum, his own conflicts and the religious persecutions of his countrymen.* Juan is introduced under the name of Alvan, and the two sisters are called Theresa and Inez.

These were young ladies of Moorish descent, and were probably instructed in the Lutheran faith by their brother, Dr. Juan Gonzales, a Reformed preacher, famed throughout all Andalusia for his knowledge of the Scriptures and his eloquence. They had especially learned from his sermons that man can not be justified before his God on account of his own good works. Luther had not long been preaching a pure faith before his opinions found happy converts. The works of the great German Reformer, some of which were in Latin and others translated into Spanish and printed at Antwerp, had been sent into the Peninsula, and were easily read. Thus the doctrines of the blessed Reformation were extended by vernacular translations of God's Word. The truth spread, and soon persecution commenced its bloody work, and in the year 1583 father Thomas de Torquemada, a Dominican monk of remorseless cruelty, was made Inquisitor-General of Aragon, and thus the modern Inquisi-

tion was created in that kingdom. Once established, the cruel engine proceeded in its course of blood with appalling rigor and relentless vengeance, sparing neither sex, age, nor rank. By its horrid agency Ferdinand and Isabella committed to the flames more than twenty thousand persons who were suspected of the Jewish religion, confiscating their property, a third of which went to the Inquisitors and another third to "the extraordinary expenses of the faith"—that is, went the same way.* Eighty thousand Jews were also expelled from Spain.

As soon as the doctrines of Luther appeared in Spain the energies of the Inquisition were directed against a new class of heretics, and during 1557 its fury against the Lutheran Reformers rose to the utmost pitch. The rage of the monks became unbounded, and vast numbers, many of whom were distinguished for their rank and bearing, were thrown into prison, while many perished in the flames at Valladolid, Seville, Toledo, and other cities. There were noble women among these martyred hosts, but history has supplied us with nothing in the lives of the Spanish females of the Reformation except the persecutions they endured. Many of them, however, we know were ladies of quality, heroic and pious, who sacrifice personal interest and safety at the shrine of conscience.

The monarch under whom the ladies that we are noticing suffered was Philip II, in whose character there was not one redeeming feature. He was a barbarous husband and unnatural parent—a gloomy, inhuman tyrant, and a persecutor in his own kingdom. What a remorseless spirit must that man possess who publicly declared that were his own son to become a heretic he himself would carry the wood to burn him at the stake! None ever spoke to him except kneeling. What unbridled arrogance! His sullen fanaticism and bigotry caused great woe to Spain and to the world, and have secured to him the infamous fame of an execrable tyrant and persecutor.

The Donas Gonzales of our narrative were arrested by the Inquisition under the suspicion of Lutheranism and thrown into the dungeons of Triana. There was no need of testimony to convict them of heresy, for they did not deny their sentiments, but maintained them with the utmost steadfastness amid confinement and torture. Juan, their brother, also passed through the same ordeal in such a pious, triumphant manner as to preclude all hopes of extorting a recantation from him. All three were sentenced

*Stanzas xxii, lxxii, Part I, are devoted to this theme.

*Quarterly Review, Vol. vi, p. 329.

to be delivered to the secular magistrate as obstinate heretics.

The "*auto da fé*," at which they were martyred, was that celebrated in the Square of St. Francis, Seville, September 24, 1559. One hundred and one prisoners, male and female, appeared on the scaffold, twenty-one of whom were delivered to the secular arm to be burned and eighty-one condemned to lesser punishments. Confined with the Donas Gonzales were the mother and another brother, and resembling them in Christian fidelity and intrepidity. They also were doomed to the flames, but reserved for the next "*auto da fé*" at Seville in December 22, 1560. On the fatal morning, when the two sisters and their brother were brought out with other prisoners and placed in the procession, Juan began to chant the 109th Psalm—"Hold not thy peace, O God of my praise, for the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me; they have spoken against me with a lying tongue," etc., in which he was joined by his sisters.

Accompanied with an immense crowd the procession of death moved slowly on to the scaffolds in the square of St. Francis. In the "Forest Sanctuary" the Spanish Protestant refugee describes it as an eye-witness:

"But onward moved the melancholy train,
For their false creed in fiery pangs to die.
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain—
Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry!
Thro' thousands, thousands of their race they move."

In the melancholy procession one of the prisoners particularly arrested his attention; it was his bosom's first friend, Alvan, his playmate in boyhood, but years had now passed since he had last seen him. On beholding the intrepid martyr the scenes of their youth flashed on his memory, and he was struck with astonishment and admiration at Alvan's lofty mien, the sense of power which sat on his pale forehead. He relates how he saw, also, the sisters of Alvan moving on:

"He passed me—and what next? I look'd on two
Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
For the same guilt—his sisters! Well I knew
The beauty on those brows, though each young face
Was chang'd—so deeply chang'd—a dungeon's air
Is hard for lov'd and lovely things to bear;
And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,
Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez! flowers
So cherish'd! were ye, then, but rear'd for those dark
hours?"

Then he describes the eldest of the two sisters, Theresa, who had always been remarkable for the contemplative cast of her mind, but exhib-

iting on this occasion a hidden strength of soul and sisterly affection to encourage her brother and sister in the cheerful surrender of their lives for the truth:

"O, faithful sister! cheering thus the guide,
And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth,
Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth,
Where thy glad soul from earth was purified.

Thou hadst bound his faith
Unto thy soul—one light, one hope—ye chose—one
death.

So didst thou pass on brightly."

In the poem the refugee then beheld the younger sister also pass with all the other prisoners—"the fearful, and the desperate, and the strong." Onward the throng still rolls till the procession reached the stately square of St. Francis, when the condemned ascended the scaffold—in its midst an elevated altar, gorgeously decked—"a place for prayer, and praise, and offering." Such a fearful prostitution of devotion—this mockery of sacred things, as if the God of mercy would be pleased with the shedding of innocent blood—greatly excited the refugee's feelings, and in a sublime, impressive prayer he invokes the punishment of Heaven on the guilty authors of these deeds of cruelty:

"Could the earth supply
No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice of all
Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall?
No fair young firstling of the flock to die,
As when before their God the patriarchs stood;
Look down! man brings thee, Heaven, his brother's
guiltless blood!

Hear its voice, hear! a cry goes up to thee
From its stain'd sod; make thou thy judgment
known

On him the shedder; let his portion be
The fear that walks at midnight—give the moan
In the wind haunting him a power to say,
'Where is thy brother?' and the stars a ray
To search and shake his spirit, when alone,
With the dread splendor of their burning eyes;
So shall earth own thy will—mercy, not sacrifice."

All this beautiful poetry of Mrs. Hemans, in her Forest Sanctuary, harmonizes with the truth of the history. In the admirable poem other imaginary scenes are introduced, but, although happily conceived and expressed with characteristic tenderness, we pass over, for the narration itself, as derived from historical authorities.

The brother on the fatal scaffold, having observed one of his sisters apparently depressed in spirit, addressed some words of consolation, encouraging her to steadfastness to the last. He affectionately reminded her that their suf-

ferings would be short, but the blessedness of heaven immediately after death everlasting. To silence such cheering exhortation the gag was immediately applied to his mouth; still his comfortable precious words revived the courage and soul of his martyr sister, and retaining her fortitude and courage, she triumphantly passed through all the subsequent trying scenes.

When the final sentences were publicly read, Juan, being a priest, was degraded from his sacred office in the usual form by the bishop, who first robed him in priestly garments, as if he had been preparing to celebrate mass, and then removed them again piece by piece with certain words, gestures, and chants to each article. This mockery and ceremony over, Juan with his pious sisters were delivered to the secular power, and thence conducted to the Inquisition piles out of the town. Here was located the *Quemadero*, or burning place of Seville—a large brick erection, where thousands of human beings, Jews, Lutherans, and witches, had been burnt to ashes. The horrid spot was demolished in the year 1810, to erect a battery against the invading French army.*

At the flaming stake the sisters still maintained their holy fortitude, and they were encouraged by the fearlessness and resignation of their brother, who cheerfully suffered in the presence of the people to whom he had formerly preached the evangelical doctrines. Vainly did the attending priests, always foremost at these horrid, bloody sacrifices, vainly did they exhort the sufferers to confess their errors and thus perish by strangulation before their bodies should be consumed in the flames. They commanded them to repeat the Apostle's creed, which the two sisters did not refuse to do, but reaching the article, *I believe in the holy Catholic Church*, they were desired to add the *holy Catholic Roman Church*, but they refused. Again were they importuned to repeat the addition, but answered they would follow the example of their beloved brother. To him the sisters had been devoutly attached, not alone from relationship, but also on account of his wisdom and piety, and to his advice they attached great importance. They did not make this answer from the least apprehension of their brother's recanting, but that the Inquisitors might be induced to remove the gag from his lips, and he might then once more have the opportunity of confessing his faith before he died. The barrier once removed from his speech, instead of advising his sisters to abandon the

Reformed faith, as the "holy fathers" expected, he confirmed them in its truth and enforced the new doctrines with redoubled energy.

Juan advised them not to mind the clamors or threatenings of the priests, who wished them to alter the Apostle's creed, and he encouraged his noble sisters to bear without shrinking the momentary sufferings of the fire, as they would be followed by the everlasting joys of heaven. The priest standing near by and listening to their brother while exhorting them to keep the faith, eagerly caught at the expression, pretending that his exhortation to keep the faith meant the Church of Rome, exclaiming that the heretics had recanted! What a cruel perversion of the truth! The executioners, therefore, were instantly ordered to strangle all three, while the sanguinary priest, turning to the gazing multitude, cried out that they died in the holy Roman Catholic faith. We look in vain for any correction of this falsehood among the records of the Inquisitors and the Inquisition. At the moment they were strangled lighted torches fired the piles, when the blazing flames soon enveloped these intrepid Christian sufferers. This became their burning chariot to the skies. Clouds of smoke for a time rendered them invisible, but when these were dispersed the eye of the spectators could discern on the ground three heaps of bones and ashes, the remains of the licentiate Gonzales and his two sisters, martyrs to the truth and to the liberty of conscience.*

From this *auto da fé* a general terror seized upon the public mind of Spain, when a powerful sympathetic feeling was apparent among many in Seville and other parts of the nation; but it was entertained by entirely too few compared with the body of the bigoted Roman Catholic population to restrain the strong hand of ecclesiastical and civil power.

"It was a fearful yet a glorious thing

To hear that hymn of martyrdom and know
That its glad stream of melody could spring
Up from the unsounded gulfs of human woe!
Alvan! Theresa! what is deep? what strong?
God's breath within the soul! It fill'd that song
From your victorious voices! but the glow
On the hot air and lurid skies increased;
Faint grew the sound—more faint—I listen'd—they
had ceas'd!"

FOREST SANCTUARY.

TAKE away God and religion and men live to no purpose, without proposing any worthy and considerable end of life to themselves.

*Spanish Protestants, in *Quarterly Review*, Vol. xxix, p. 257.

**Histoire des Martyrs*, p. 544. *Castro's Spanish Protestant*, pp. 241-243.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOMES.

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

EVERY life-long occupation, which is worthily such, should furnish favoring influences for the development of a self-directing, self-controlling personality. If more than a dexterous instrument is to be made of any man or woman, the mechanical activity in which the conditions of culture are constitutively wanting, must give room for some coordinate pursuit which will afford stimulus and nurture for a broader life.

For most women these essential elements of symmetrical development must be found, if at all, within the limits of a house-mother's vocation; and since we must believe that there is an intimate adaptation and consistency between the real life and its outward relations, the divine preordination of a social function is in itself a guarantee that herein are to be found harmonious conditions for the exercise of the highest personal capability.

The exemption from a public career, from the imperative demands which the world makes upon the responsive ambitions, the restless activities of manhood, has its large compensations for woman in forming influences for the evolution and expression of a deeper subjective life; the intuitions which link the essential nature with the most vital truth have clearest self-assertion in the quiet, listening spirit, and most complete outward presentiment in the hallowed precinct of the home-life.

There, too, it would seem that the rarest intellectual culture need lose nothing in the changing form of expression; the rather it should take a higher type, warmed and transfigured by the intense, pervasive spontaneity of the affectional instincts, while it, in turn, ennobles, regulates, and gives vision to these blind impulses.

No where does love so lighten labor, or furnish more willing interest for the intellect in practical directions by the constant demand for sterling mental qualities, skill in organizing, quick apprehension, forethought, and judgment. No where is the enriching of one so surely the blessing of all as in the education of the woman who is to be the inspiration of the household-life, and to make the home the center of the heavenliest influences which fall upon the world. These influences invest the marvelous susceptibility of childhood, like the sun and air, unrecognized in their uniform and equable pervasiveness, but powerfully and silently eliminating the distinctive and eternal type of being. Without their kindly nurture the soul is bereft beyond compensation. It had profound and

clamorous needs, which were to elevate it to a higher and broader compass of being through the self-revelation, the intimate communion, the tenderness and sympathy of the home-life. The world can make but poor and partial amends to him who takes refuge in its activities from the intolerable irritations of a disorderly, comfortless home; while no earthly disaster can sever the soul from its heavenly moorings and drift it helplessly hither and thither, if the true life of the home "encompass it with bands," and hold it fast by appreciative, intelligent sympathy and affection.

Is this an ideal conception of the home-life, and of the calling which is separate and distinct that it may be sacred and powerful in its influence? No work should be in fine harmony with individual development. But if the social reformer sees quite another phase in which mechanical drudgery leaves no time for careful cultivation of mind and character, he may have failed to apprehend the dignity and value of a life whose results are in a sphere remote from public recognition; or some factitious exactions of the vocation have given it a character of oppressiveness which does not of right belong to it.

It is true that there may be little just appreciation of the real genius and executive ability which have their only expression in a well-ordered home. In the perfect ease which leaves long discipline out of sight, the superficial observer may overlook the years of toilsome preparation which have made constant and careful supervision a habit. But however remote one specialty may lie from another, no man is incapacitated by this remoteness for judging if another copes with his difficulties without worry or distraction, and subordinates the accidental and temporary to the essential and permanent activities of being. The disqualification for seeing how the perversion has arisen, is no barrier to the nice perception of abstract truth, and it is necessary to concede this fact to the just and tender souls who have placed the emancipation of women in the van of philanthropic reforms. From the threshold of the life which was to bring companionship as the completeness of his being, many a man has seen clearly, however helpless he may have been in devising remedies, that intellectual sympathy must be dropped out of his ideals, and with it much that was best and dearest in his hopes. There, too, the wife often first realizes, with inexpressible pain, that the demands of the vocation are imperative and incessant, shutting her ever further and further away from the companionship of thought and intellect, of aspiration and endeavor, which, through the helpfulness of

sympathy, should have given a double power to every noble work.

In her perplexity with the impracticable qualities of ideals, and in the timidity of self-distrust which lies at the beginning of a new work, she does not always pause to question, as we shall do, how it is that the entrance upon a true calling should so often defeat its noblest ends. Has the vocation so enormously outgrown itself, or have the fitnesses of the being for its highest offices been so completely overlooked in the preparatory discipline, that the burden of social relation and responsibility drops down upon the potentialities of existence as fatally as a granite boulder swept by the Spring flood upon some little vegetating world? A stately tree lay in those little bursting hulls. But for this ill fatuity, it might have laid its foundations deep and broad in the earth, and lifted its imperial crown far toward the stars; through the slow centuries the varying winds would round it to perfectness of symmetry; cold and heat, cloud and sunshine bring their fitnesses to its sturdy strength, and lend their tender fashioning of grace and beauty.

In our ideal the womanly life should have gained breadth, and vigor, and personal power, in the favoring conditions of its just relations; there were divine fitnesses in the office for the evolution of a higher type of being. The bright, quick intellect which gave rich promise in its vigorous spontaneity, was to bring its early acquirements, blossoming into culture, as the choicest furniture of the household life.

And so it is rarely; the woman takes up her life-work bravely, proportions her energies to the varied and ever-recurring demands with wisdom and skill, reserving some fresh strength for her highest offices; it is hard discipline and full of mistakes and short-comings at first, perhaps, but the royal spirit comes through it at last to imperial self-possession. But more frequently the true life and the divine work have no practical expression. The life seems merged and lost in mere mechanical drudgery, ever accumulating with increasing cares; or it is manifest at best as intelligence and skill within a very narrow range of ideas; rarely the home duties are ignored altogether, which is the strangest result of all, and the house-mother who should have been, wrenches her soul away from the intuitions which anchored her to goodness and to God, away from the instincts which were to guide and bind her to her work, and goes down to the frivolous, vapid, social world, to make it more frivolous and foolish still, to become herself the most painful and repulsive of social anomalies—a wife and mother false to her whole nature, false to the most sacred trust.

For each of these failures let us seek such sources and remedies as lie within the existing social organization, confessing that we are unable to appreciate those radical reforms which ignore established distinctions, and substitute the individual for the family group, counting that life noblest and freest in which the most entire individualism is developed. The rather is that womanly life most truly and nobly free which is in finest harmony with its divinely-given work, and creates, if it does not find, in the distinctive social function, scope for the highest personal capability.

Has the vocation outgrown itself? we have asked; or were its demands upon the being most pressing where it was least fortified? In this most manifest aspect of an overburdened life, so frequent in the house-mother, the inquiry suggests itself, Was this woman's work ever represented to her in its real and eternal relations? Did she begin it in self-possession, self-knowledge—accept it as her life-work, in and through which her whole being was to find fostering influences and largest use? Or was this study of fitness left out of the preparatory discipline, among the circumstances which are supposed to regulate themselves, so that the inexperienced, untaught creature oftenest begins her work in detail, sees it only in detail, and never acquires the most essential requisites of success—skill in organizing—because she fails to seize the real *point d'appui*, about which to combine, and shape, and centralize each special industry? Perhaps she does not and can not discriminate between the real and the factitious demands which are made upon her energies, but takes up all the burdens and staggers on a little way, not considering how many she can carry, or what may be left off, as given of the world rather than of God. No human capability could bear, in self-poise, the burdens left for the mother in many a household. She is the beginning and end of every responsibility, and all deficiencies and blunders are to be compensated by her hands. Limp, aimless daughters, impracticable sons, and uncomfortable fathers, seem utterly unmindful, in their large exactions, that the Scriptural injunction to bear one another's burden can have any application to such a disagreeable state of affairs. It is inevitable that this care, which should have been equalized, and this labor, which many hands would have made light, should be crushing to the one life upon which they are laid.

It is of little avail to chide the enthusiastic, faithful woman who can not be taught to distribute and adjust her burdens. The deepest error was far back in her youth; perhaps in the

inconsiderate and mistaken tenderness of the early home life; in the mother who spared her every task, gave her no responsibility, no habits of well-ordered industry; perhaps in the school where superficial and flimsy attainments were ruinous to all habits of accuracy and thoroughness, checking rather than nurturing those qualities of mind and character which give intelligent self-direction, self-control; perhaps, too, society had its share of blame, which smiled at flippancy, and shallowness, and show, and ignored the reflective and studious tendencies, which were the material for sterling defenses of character, as unfeminine, and strong-minded, and literary.

No after practical dexterity and skill in special directions will supply the deficiency in the early education, and compensate for the broader compass of all the faculties which a thorough intellectual discipline should develop. A lifetime of practice often fails as signally to make a good housewife, in the highest significance of the vocation, as the most unfitting intellectual culture. A certain amount of practice has a powerful reflex influence on the development of skill, but can never create the qualities which go to make up this skill.

The fault is, that the girl's education, at home and at school, has come short of developing either the one kind of fitness or the other, in any complete and serviceable manner. The intellectual training is often unworthy the name; it is, at best, too meager and fragmentary to furnish any breadth of culture and power. If young men brought to their life-work the physical training, the mental discipline, and the practical experience, both of kind and degree, which are considered ample for girls, would they fail to meet the requirements of the vocation? Could they prove helpless, dependent, ill-balanced, and grow nervous, sickly, and prematurely old? Would they find stimulus for mental exertion for its own sake, if no practical uses were set before them for these hard-earned acquisitions; if, on the contrary, they received the impression that profound learning would be a decided inconvenience, if not a positive disqualification, for the duties of their calling? How large a proportion of the graduates of the best colleges go beyond the immediate demands of the profession, broadening and deepening the intellectual power till scholastic habits and methods have matured a large and liberal culture?

The cause of much which is called the wrongs of women is to be found in the failure of the education to develop into some fullness and power the distinctive personality in accordance with the laws of the original type.

Experiments in this direction have been made with many misgivings; it is feared that self-possession is unwomanly—that self-assertion will prove incompatible with the graces of humility and content—that modesty can be other than the most complete self-knowledge. Prophecies of the spontaneity are interpreted as arbitrary decrees, to be laboriously ingrained in the perverse nature by various methods, human and inhuman.

Nevertheless, we thank God that a few brave men are making the experiment fairly, here and there, furnishing equal facilities for education on an open field, where shams can have no shelter, so confident of the essential right in the principle, as to desire that themselves and their work be known and read of all men. More than content with the results of these educational experiments, we turn to note the preparation in actual service and its practical tendencies; and to indicate briefly some methods of ameliorating and counteracting such ill results as seem remediable.

Housekeeping often gives the young novice her first thorough lesson in experimental science. Slowly and painfully, if at all, the experimental is transformed to the deductive science; to the many it remains a science of detached and mutually-independent generalizations; by the few the varieties of its phenomena are found to answer to determinable varieties in the quantity of some circumstance or other, and the association makes the housekeepers of mark in a neighborhood—the women who have good luck with jellies and soap, and good luck in general, because they have practical faith in the uniformity of forces and practical skill in combination. The housekeeper who has thus, by the slow process of experiment, learned to manage the materials and forces of her work, has so far released herself from the worry and anxiety which, to the ignorant and inexperienced, is a greater weariness than the task itself. The "head saves her hands," methods are simplified, ends defined, and forces combined directly and advantageously.

Rarely here, as in all other departments of labor, genius supplies the lack of discipline, intuition of experience, but purpose must give steadiness and persistency to genius, and guide mediocre ability to efficiency and success.

But if confidence in results releases the housekeeper from the fret and worry, it does not so readily release her from the confirmed habits of her occupation. A good housekeeper is but a single aspect of the character fitted to mold and fashion *a home*.

This home, beautiful in externals, complete in

the arrangement and direction of all practical affairs, in which the household machinery seems perfect in its workings, as if running perpetually and noiselessly of its own will, may be simply this and nothing more. Starving souls may dwell in the midst of this outward abundance, eager, restless, dissatisfied natures, not knowing what ails them in their failure to link themselves with these inharmonious surroundings; for the instinctive reason and the moral sense are rebellious and accept reluctantly this low plane of being and doing for the divine ideal to which they aspired.

The soul which, in the nearness of its sympathizing love, could but have guided these little ones to some worthy self-expression; the mother who should have wrought these heavenly instincts into the beginning of an eternal and spiritual life, has fused her best self-hood in the molds of a merely-mechanical occupation and stiffened and hardened hopelessly there. In her narrow sphere she has not grown all aspiration and striving for a noble life, and accepts the material and temporal as the scope of being.

Is character destiny? Will these silenced voices of the soul ever clamor for their eternal possessions? these cramped powers relax and assert themselves in some freer, larger state? The soul which was here to develop an independent intelligence, good and pure of its own free-will, through experience of good and evil, leaves life apparently from a lower plane than that into which it came, for the instincts of the child were loyal to its birthright.

But the loss of the individuality in a single demand of the occupation has other aspects. There are mothers whose life seems to have gone out in the lives of their children; so un-mindful is this large love of utter self-sacrifice, that the identity of being seems merged and developed through the souls for whom it has given itself. So patient, and tender, and vigilant, so divine is this unselfish affection, that the whole character is ennobled through intensity of sympathy. No where is the single power of affection so manifest as a saving influence in the soul, and a stimulus and nurture of goodness and purity in all the household life. Love is here the discernor of spirits, lending its life instinctively to every need and purpose of the beloved, and laying the impregnable defenses of character deep and broad in the life of the heart. We recognize in this mother the divineness which claims adoration—the strange unlikeness to our earthliness and selfishness which gives her kinship with angels. This transfigured soul has begun its eternity with the inspiration given to

other lives; it has also approached its own earthly completeness, if we might say with Schleiermacher, "Is not the ideal toward which we are all striving even in this world, though we never reach it, the merging of the life of each in the life of all, and the putting away from us every semblance of a separate existence?"

But we are not quite satisfied that this development solely through the affections was the best that might have been for the soul. Are we to consider the undeveloped capacities, the unused forces of this nature, as a reserve for other and unlike circumstances—superfluous pulleys and wheels for hypothetical exigencies which have never happened to occur to the machine?

In these extreme types of housekeeper and house-mother, we must feel that there should have been some room for the true archetype of character to manifest itself; no accidental or extrinsic forces should place an impassable barrier between it and the length and breadth of human capability. Some coordinate general culture, developing to conscious power other constitutive elements of being, equalizing forces, giving play, scope, outward presentiment to all, would have brought the life to a more symmetrical and harmonious expression. So also would it attain freedom, self-knowledge, discernment, ever learning to use its powers more wisely in the home life, and, recognizing its relations with the whole family of God, bring all treasures of intellect and affection to give and receive in the general household.

Between these types of character there are innumerable varieties, each expressing in high relief some prominent traits of womanly excellence, some marked contrasts of the ideal and phenomenal. According to the affinities of each home take shape; the prevailing idea centralizing and pervading all the household consciousness. In one, work is enthroned; the hard practicalities of existence usurp the realm of all that is beautiful and best in life—material, positive, marketable virtues only are current here, and a human soul has value in the ratio of its worldly success. In another, social opinion is the comprehensive law under which all material and spiritual forces range themselves, and social claims transform the home to a convenience of fashionable life. Life is crowded with busy nothings, or fails of abiding results through its utter aimlessness; the soul is content to meet passively the demands of circumstances which it should seize and shape by intelligent, personal power.

In many of these little realms the highest purposes of the household are wholly left out of sight. The home, in which all fostering influ-

ences for the most complete development of souls are to be centered, must be something more than a place devoted to eating and sleeping, dressing and visiting; it must develop more than taste and skill in all womanly handicraft; it must furnish more than the outfit for any earthly life. The spirit who is here supreme, and who makes her home an expression of herself, whether she will or no, may find in it ample use for the highest intellectual culture and urgent demand for a profound and controlling religious character.

The work is worthy an angel's life; no woman can claim a broader or higher sphere who places the home in its true relations and appreciates the dignity and blessedness of the house-mother's life. Into such a home God sends the inexperienced soul to be girded and equipped for the warfare which is to develop and test the abiding qualities of being. Hence he is to go forth daily with fresh inspiration and firmer purpose, and here return at eventide, to find a well-spring of strength and peace. From such a home—the vestibule of both worlds—the victorious soul enters upon the higher service for which it was destined, when life has wrought out the divine ideal and established its claim to the unchangeable priesthood of kingly souls.

Powerful circumstances are supposed to stand in the way of many women who would otherwise gladly live a truer and nobler life. Society is said to have its molds ready made and close at hand, wherein plastic souls are fused so early that they accept the shape in which they by and by find themselves, as preordained and sacred. Every age and nation has had its laws and customs, its prerogatives and prescriptions openly declared, or quietly absolute, whereby to define and maintain the limitations and immunities of its women.

It may not always have been easy for the ungrateful creature who failed to appreciate this benevolent despotism, who even presumed to question whether this regimen were the best for the thinking and active faculties, to resist its determining force, and place herself under better auspices. But this over-anxiety and promptness in legislating for women is taking quite another direction in our day and country. So rapidly is all which is inconsistent with the largest individual freedom scaling off from political, civil, social, and domestic institutions, irrespective of sex, of color, of rank, or venerable precedent, that we may well begin to question if we shall prove ourselves worthy of the large liberty so suddenly thrust upon us. We may at least safely leave this obsolete bugbear of social despotism out of our difficulties, for society is

quite certain, other things being equal, to respect those who respect themselves, and still casts its palms and shouts its hosannas for him who rides on victoriously—little heeding either the one or the other.

It is too much to demand that there be no silent or disapproving voices: there are noble women with a ready appreciation of all excellence, but there are many more of whom such condemnation of their own aims can not be demanded. They must be left to console themselves with their domesticity, to be thankful that they are not strong-minded, or literary, or otherwise constitutionally disfigured, since to disturb this conviction were to take away the very earth under their feet.

Again, it is urged that it is impossible to find, in the varying and urgent claims of a house-mother's vocation, the freedom from care, and the leisure which are indispensable to a long and careful cultivation of mind and character. We are slow to learn that the busiest, most careful life may be the least productive of worthy and abiding results; reorganization of materials and forces in accordance with an established and noble purpose is an unwelcome task to a soul which has worn its grooves deep and smooth by long habit. We might be helpless in our lightness if we dropped out of our cares the exaggeration which comes from concentrating them and the "unhelpful worry which heightens the difficulties and labors of to-day by the anxieties and fears of to-morrow."

We practice reluctantly the rare heroism which dares to sacrifice first in appearances; which braves misapprehension and contempt, and ignores the exactions of social dragoons, in order that the soul may be free to make itself worthier a spiritual and eternal state.

The humblest soul, if it be earnest and discerning, gathers eternal riches in the situation in which it has pleased God to place it. Earnest purpose is magnetic, assimilative; it finds time and materials in the busiest life to deepen and widen the channels of being and doing; it preserves the spirit in the freshness of perpetual growth, and renders the continuity of life an immortal youth.

Much which is falsely oppressive in a burdened life disappears as the low and near horizon is lifted and the temporal and eternal are manifest in more just relations. There is no barrier where we look for death, but the current of existence sweeps unbroken into the shoreless sea. Christianity no where more truly establishes its divinity by the transformations of character, and by the marvelous adaptation to human need, than in the life of the perplexed

and overtaken house-mother. The soul here recognizes the law which simplifies all motives, which shapes all action, and through it rises to the complete and calm self-possession which is the condition of clear discernment and of wise discrimination in the direction of personal power.

The assimilating, pervasive principle which thus frees the soul from the domination of earthly care, is more than a moral instinct or a pious sentiment; the condition of its life is growth, and the law of growth is a systematic religious culture which shall develop the intelligent understanding in harmony and consistency with the clear conception and conviction of higher truth.

The precious years in which a basis should have been laid for a broad and liberal culture, and methods of study instituted and habituated, may have gone with youth; but however late begun, however meager and elementary the previous preparation, the faithful use of the things which remain multiplies the capabilities for usefulness in the world, and brings a large reward to the household life.

It is easy to turn from these considerations and assure ourselves that they can have no application to such a busy life as ours.

We may have grown so wedded to our own views and habits that earthly activities must fail us with their occasion before we are so freed as to see how paltry and unworthy are many of the objects on which we have lavished the priceless privileges of being.

In the lowest of God's creatures, whose heavenly aspirations have had no expression, as well as for her who has long ago ceased to hear their reproachful voices in the din and clamor of the outward life, for the adroit tactician in society and the accomplished woman of the world, "character is destiny"—the future the evolution of the present—here the shaping of the typical plant, the germ creation—beyond the fruit-bearing after its kind forever more.

A PICTURE IN THE ROOM.

WE expect such of our readers as have no pictures hanging in their room to put up one immediately, we mean in their principal sitting-room—in all their rooms if possible—but at all events in that one. No matter how costly, or the reverse, provided they see something in it, and it gives them a profitable or pleasant thought. The companionship of any thing greater or better than ourselves, must do us good, unless we are destitute of all modesty and patience; and a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents.—*Leigh Hunt.*

RAIN-DROPS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

TEARS are on the window-pane!
Say you they are drops of rain?

Well, it may be so;
But to me they fragments seem
Of some half-forgotten dream,
In the long-ago.

And I sit with thoughtful heart,
From the noisy world apart,
Sit and watch their flow;
Counting o'er the hopes and fears,
Buried with the cold, dead years
Of the long-ago.

Scenes which then seemed dark and strange,
Interwrought with grief and change,

Now are all aglow;
And my doubting heart at length,
Looking backward, gathers strength
From the long-ago.

Gentle rain-drops! if through ye,
O'er life's darkened mystery,
Beams of light may grow;
Precious gems of faith and trust
Let me gather from the dust
Of the long-ago.

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY MRS. MARION A. BIGELOW.

THERE 's a little rose
On a tiny breast,
So white and still
In its quiet rest.

You will think of it oft
Through the win'try gloom;
Its soft petals droop
In a darkened room;
Where a nestling head
Is shut from the light,
Forever hid
From your fond sight.

While the fire glows warm
In your home so fair,
The snows fall thick
In the silence there.

Where they laid your flower
In its withered bloom,
The fair white rose
Is shrouded in gloom.

I have seen it oft
In fancy since then;
That white, still face
Gleams up again;

Those little arms
Folded in rest;
That wee white rose
On a quiet breast.

SHADOWS AND SUNLIGHT.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

CHAPTER I.

"They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy."—BIBLE.

"IS n't it perfectly provoking to have Fred act so?" exclaimed Katy Carwell, throwing herself upon an ottoman at her cousin's feet, and looking into her face with a pretty pout. "I say, Bell, why do n't you scold him? I've a great mind to go straight back to Baltimore. I would go, actually, if I had n't promised father I'd stay here till he gets back."

"What, and leave me to endure the dullness alone? Are n't you cruel, coz?" and Isabel Mayburn stroked caressingly her cousin's light, wavy hair.

"O, you never seem to mind such things as I do—besides, there are Dubois, and May, and Col. Dennis, dying for a smile from you—quite another thing from being a poor, little forlornity, with no one to play the 'most obedient' but cousin Fred, and he as stupid as a professor of mathematics, and as solemn as a gravestone more than half the time. You know, Bell, when you were at Rosedale two years ago, what a madcap Fred was, and what nice rides, and rows on the lake, and scampers over the hills we had. I thought we'd have such grand times this Winter, and he'd wait on us so nicely to balls, and soirees, and all—but he do n't seem to enjoy going out with us one bit. He's either as sober as an old deacon, or else he acts so wild and strange—not at all like dear, good, happy cousin Fred. What do you suppose has changed him so?"

"I presume it's his business," replied Isabel. "You know, Katie, there's some difference between a young man just set free from college restraints and one with business cares. Fred has had several very difficult suits to conduct lately."

"Well," said Katie, "I'll never marry a lawyer if that's the way it goes—one might as well take the last look and have the burial service read at once. Business! dear me, how I hate it—to make such a mope of Fred; but I must go and dress or I sha'n't be ready in time," and away flitted the little butterfly, in opera movement.

"But the promise, Edgar, the promise of the Father—'they that sow in tears shall reap in joy;'" and Mrs. Danoon pushed the heavy hair back from her husband's forehead, and looked into his sad eyes with an earnest enthusiasm.

"I know, Mabel," he said, raising himself from his bent posture, as if to throw off the weight that pressed upon him; "and Paul says, 'in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not'—but in this great, wicked city, it seems to be all sowing, and no reaping. On those rough circuits, the people hungered so for the Word, and it seemed to do some good to preach to them"—a loud rap at the door interrupted him.

"Does Mr. Danoon live here, sir?"

"That's my name," replied the minister.

"Miss Fenno wished to see you, sir," said the man, with evidently more of deference in his manner than he had at first intended to use. "She is waiting in the street below. Shall I show her up?"

"O, certainly; but wait—I'll go down with you."

By the time Mr. Danoon reached the street, the coachman had opened the carriage door, and a young lady was alighting. She was elegantly attired. Her countenance of sad, gentle beauty, was such a one as you meet only once in a long while in a city promenade. It was such a one as, among the dainty mincing belles, all silks and simper, revives your waning faith in woman-kind, by calling up memories of a sister, who was pure as the lilies that bloom on her grave. It was just such a face as you expect to see when the lady turns toward you, who has stopped to say a kind word to a little, ragged child at the street corner, or to help an old woman over the icy crossing.

"Mr. Danoon," she said, extending her hand to the minister, "my name is Fenno—Mary Fenno."

"Happy to meet you, Miss Fenno. Please walk in—allow me to assist you," and he helped the lady up the stairs with an ease of manner that indicated the polish of good society.

"Come for me at six, John," said Miss Fenno, as the coachman drove off. "I have taken the liberty to call upon you, sir," she said, when they were seated in the plain but tastefully-neat apartment, and a few commonplace remarks had been made. "I wish for instruction in religious matters. I was induced to come and see you by a girl that sews in our family—Eliza Mills—I presume you know her."

"O, yes, I know Eliza well. She's a member of one of my societies, and an excellent girl, we think."

"She is, indeed," said the lady. "She came to sew for us a few weeks ago. I was then just recovering from a severe illness and still confined to my room. She seemed very happy in the service of God, and desirous that I should become a Christian. I presume I should have

forgotten the promises I made when I was so very sick, if it had not been for her efforts."

Miss Fenno then proceeded to inform the minister of the mental suffering she had endured during her earnest search for the "way of life"—of her conversation with her mother's pastor, Dr. Homans, and how unsatisfactory was his advice—of going with Eliza to the little chapel on Seventh-street—hearing Mr. Danoon preach—and her final resolution to ask for a place among those simple, sincere people as a "seeker of religion."

"Have you counted the cost, Miss Fenno?" asked Mr. Danoon. "You must be aware that our society, here in the city, is made up of poor working people, quite different from your present associations."

"Yes," she replied, "they differ in outward circumstances—but so utterly unworthy as I feel myself to be, I regard it an honor to be associated with the children and heirs of the Lord of glory."

"You have consulted your friends, I presume?" asked the minister.

"I have no near relatives except my mother," replied the lady. "I have talked freely with her about it. She feels very badly, but thinks I will see my error—as she regards it—before long. I have other friends who look upon it more seriously," and her lip trembled and the color on her cheek deepened; "it will probably alienate them from me; but you know, sir, we must leave all for the Savior. I have not come to this decision without a severe struggle; but I trust I have given up all, and yet"—

"Yet you are not conscious that you are accepted of God."

After reading some portions of Scripture and endeavoring to explain the "way of faith," Mr. Danoon proposed prayer. They prayed—that good man and his wife—like people who are in the habit of prayer, and are not obliged to go around by Jerusalem to get to the mercy-seat. Miss Fenno prayed for herself, earnestly and humbly. Her language would have struck a careless listener as very strong and fine. At length Mr. Danoon said, in a low, solemn voice, "Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" She paused and listened, as though those words were a reprieve from death.

"Yes, Jesus, Savior," she murmured, "thou dost not send me away from thee. Thou wilt make my poor, sinful heart like thine own holy heart of love. Blessed Redeemer, thou dost receive weary, heart-sick sinners," and tears of joy stole down over her pale face, and dropped upon the floor.

CHAPTER II.

"As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a gay sunny smile,
Though the sad heart, in anguish, is breaking the while."
MOORE.

Isabel Mayburn sat buried in deep thought, with her empress-like head resting upon her hand.

"Poor Frederic," she soliloquized, "I had no idea it would grieve him so, to give Mary up. I'm heartily sorry, for the Fennos are a good family. She'd ruin him, though, with her cant and nonsense about moral obligation and all that. Who'd have thought she'd be so stubborn; but that's the way with these meek, quiet people; they're the hardest in the world to manage. Fred will get over it after a while. These little disappointments only serve to arouse the ambition of such spirited fellows. But it won't do for him to stay at home and mope over it. I wish he could see that Belknap matter in its true light. Lizzie's good enough for any reasonable man, and her father has wealth and influence in political circles—the *prestige* of his name would do a great deal for Frederic—yes, he must go to their soiree to-night."

Frederic Mayburn sat in the library, with a deep, settled expression of pain upon his fine features. The door opened softly, and his sister entered.

"I'm so sorry you can't go with us to-night, Frederic," she said. "Colonel Belknap's people have made this party on our account, because Katie is here; I know Lizzie will be disappointed."

"I'm sorry to disappoint any one," said Frederic, "but if you knew how insipid and hateful these things appear to me, you would n't ask me to go."

"I'm afraid," said Isabel, "you are not doing right to give up in this way. I know you suffer intensely: I sympathize with you fully; but, Frederic"—and her dark eye was lighted by a gleam of ambitious pride—"yours is no common intellect—no common destiny is before you, and the woman who helps you on toward it and shares it with you must be endowed with no ordinary powers. I know we thought Mary a talented girl, but it would never do for your wife to be running off after every wild delusion and fanaticism. Have you seen Mary lately?"

"Yes, I saw her to-day."

"And she still persists in her notions?"

"Yes, and I must say I never heard any one talk as she did. Why, Bell, if half she believes is true we are in a desperate condition. If I should ever make up my mind to become relig-

ious, I'm not sure but I should look at the thing very much as she does."

A new fear fell upon Isabel Mayburn's mind, but she proceeded in the same calm, unimpassioned voice, not seeming to notice her brother's last remark.

"I've heard of people under the influence of religious delusion working themselves into a kind of frenzy and saying things that"—

"*Frenzy*," interrupted the young man with an angry compression of lip. "Bell Mayburn, you know Mary Fenno too well to use such a word in connection with her. Talk of *frenzy* in one who was always as quiet and gentle as a lamb," and with this thought came a rush of memories from the "days gone by," and the strong, proud man bowed his head upon the open book before him, as though his heart were in the tightening folds of a serpent. Isabel saw that she had used the wrong word; but it was not in her tactics to retract. Your strong, dominant people have their own infallibility as the first principle in their formula, and they regard a confession of error as a tacit acknowledgment of weakness. Thus they influence even their superiors in intellect, who have warm, impulsive hearts, and repent as heartily and confess as humbly as they err hastily.

After a short silence Isabel, kneeling beside her brother, gently raised his head from the book and laid it upon her shoulder. Passing her hand over his forehead caressingly, and pushing back the mass of dark hair, she said soothingly:

"I know, brother, this must be almost unendurable. It grieves me very much to see you suffer so. Let me entreat you to arouse yourself and throw off this despondency. Think of the future, Frederic, so full of hope and promise; think of what your sister desires you to be—of what you may be—and do n't yield any longer to this sorrow. I think you do wrong to shut yourself away from society. Come go with us to Colonel Belknap's to-night."

"O do n't ask me, Bell!"

"Well, then, I shall stay with you. I can't go and leave you feeling so. Mrs. Belknap and Lizzie have been so kind, I felt under some obligation to them, but your happiness must be my first care."

"I'll go," said Frederic in a dull, hard tone. He looked at his watch. "I suppose it's quite time to get ready. But there's one thing certain, Bell, I'm not going there to be rallied about my forlorn looks. I can get spirit for the occasion from *l'eau de vie*. I do n't suppose it's exactly safe, but I must have it," and before his sister could remonstrate he had left the room.

The gay season neared its close. Mrs. Major Dennison was giving a splendid party. She was a leading member of one of the most aristocratic Churches in the city; consequently she was very much thought of by the more staid part of upper-tendom. She was a leader of the *ton*, and so, of course, every body that was any body must be at her party. To be sure, at no great distance from her mansion some of Christ's "little ones" were suffering in neglected poverty, but then it was the duty of the city authorities to look after the poor. While she felt great complacency in seeing her name, with fifty or a hundred dollars attached, at the head of a subscription for a charitable purpose, she would spend thousands in dress, flowers, wines, etc., for her grand parties, and feel quite satisfied that she was doing about as near right as a Christian woman in her position would be expected to do.

Late in the evening Isabel Mayburn was sitting in the shade of the heavy curtains, that were pushed back to admit the balmy Spring air. She was looking with an intent, pained expression upon her brother. The center of a gay circle, his large dark eyes flashing with a wild, unnatural light, and his cheek suffused with a deep flush, he was talking in an excited tone with a dashing belle.

Isabel had shut her eyes resolutely against the truth, but she knew too well where that exciting influence came from, and how utterly hollow was the gay laugh that rang in her ear. She shuddered in spite of her pride and will when she thought how much he looked, just then, like her father's younger brother, who, a few years before, was borne away in silence and shame to a *drunkard's grave*. The waltz was over, the lady seated, and Frederic Mayburn was hurrying away for another glass. In passing a large mirror his eye fell upon his image reflected there.

"Confound it," he said, "I hope I have n't such a comet-like look as that. Whew! a little too much steam on—better put down the brakes, I'm thinking; guess a turn in the air will cool my head. Pshaw! I never thought before I looked so much like uncle Fred."

The still, cool air, with the calm, pure moonlight falling like a glory from something holier than the scenes he had just left, soothed and quieted him. The cold, hard pavement, so firm and solid under his feet, made him feel stronger. He had been so often overcome of late that he dreaded to meet the tempter again, so he walked on, scarcely knowing or caring whither. On a narrow back street his attention was arrested by a low, plaintive voice coming up through a small window from a cellar-like room. He

might have passed on, but he had often heard that voice before, with piano or harp accompaniment. Its notes were always clear and bird-like, but they never before seemed so like the music of an Eden, from which he wandered with a curse upon him. Looking down through the curtainless window he saw Mary Fenno sitting there, her sweet, pale face bent over a sick child, whose moaning she soothed by her singing. Three ragged children were near—one asleep, with his little head of tangled hair lying upon her lap; the others, with their elbows on their knees, their chins resting in their hands, and their sad eyes wide open, wondering if she were n't one of those angels they used to see in mother's big Bible.

Mayburn saw it all—the half-empty baskets, the table where the supper had been eaten, and the sick woman on the low, straw bed. He staggered against a lamp-post and smothered a groan, while the low, sweet voice went on:

"Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human looks and hearts deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
O, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright."

A strong impulse came over him to go down into that dingy room and kneel by her, and learn the secret of her triumph over the suffering that he knew had been hers, since its lava-tide flowed over him; but a gulf lay between them, with its dark current of pride and ambition, and he was soon again in those great heated parlors, the "gayest of the gay."

"What a funny little gipsy you've got up stairs sewing!" exclaimed Katie Carwell, as she came laughing into her cousin's room. "I've laughed at her nonsense till I cried. I shall have to be as sober as a judge for a whole week to make up for it. I do wish, Bell, you could have heard her tell about the sport they had last evening. She went with a young fellow out into the country, three or four miles, to a—I do n't know what she did call it, but it was some kind of a meeting, where the people acted so funnily. Why, she said they just tumbled around, and rolled up their eyes, and screeched and screamed, and then she showed me how they did, with her eyes and hands."

Katie stopped for a moment from a consciousness that the story lacked something, for it had failed to impress her cousin as such an amount of fun might reasonably be expected to have done.

"It do n't seem quite as funny as it did," she said; "I guess it was partly the way that little witch told it."

Just then a thought struck her, and dancing toward the door she said, "Come, Bell, let's coax Fred to take us out there to-night."

"O no, Katie, I presume there'll be no respectable people there. It won't be a fit place for us."

"But with Fred along—you know he's such a great, lordly-looking fellow, and has such a commanding way with him, I should n't be one bit afraid; and then we can fix up with our big shawls and thick veils, and nobody'll know us. Come, Bell, please do just say you'll go, and then I'll go and tease Fred."

Bell smiled a faint assent, and away fluttered Katie to tell Fred that she and Bell were dying to go to that funny meeting in the woods, and that he must take them to see it.

CHAPTER III.

"At evening time, it shall be light." BIBLE.

A camp meeting! How many strong men in the Church can say of it, as did one who has few superiors in erudition and piety, "The white tents among the grand, old forest trees, and the hymn that came swelling to my ear, even before I saw the tents, are dear to me as the old walls of a birthplace, for I was born here."

A camp meeting, forty years ago, was a felt necessity; and every nail was driven, every post set, accompanied by prayer.

Let us glance at the encampment upon the afternoon of the day in the evening of which Katie proposed to visit it.

They were good, substantial people, those tent-holders and their families—gathered from the "working classes," to be sure; but who does not know that in America there is often more real intelligence and good sense among laboring people, than among the pleasure-seeking, who affect to despise them?

There was a neat little tent, with an old oak standing sentry at the door. Its occupants were Mr. and Mrs. Danoon, Mary Fenno, and one of her mother's domestics. An air of taste and neatness pervaded every thing within, from the snowy spread upon the rough board table, to the muslin curtains that divided the tent into apartments. Mary sat alone in a retired part of the tent. Her hands were clasped, her eyes closed, and occasionally a heavy breath and half-murmured prayer parted her lips. Mrs. Danoon lifted the curtain and stepped lightly to her side. Kneeling by her and throwing her arms around her, she said in a caressing tone, "What ails my bird to-day? She seems very sad. She

does n't regret taking the cross of Him who bore it for her?"

"O no," said Mary, "but my friends"—

"And is n't Jesus better than all earthly friends? You know he said, 'Whosoever loveth these more than me, is not worthy of me.' My sister, can't you give up all for Jesus?"

"I can now, but hereafter"—and a shudder passed over her frame.

"O, if they were only Christians!"

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Danoon talk with her friend about God's love for perishing sinners, and the power of faithful prayer.

It was a fine scene, that night encampment. The light of the full-orbed moon, coming down between the great arms of the old trees, swayed to and fro by the Summer night wind, the timid glance of the dim stars, like the far-off eyes of angels, peering down tremblingly, the glare of the light stands, silvering the earth-side of branch and leaf, the fervent utterances of the solemn worshipers, all seemed to unite to inspire devotion. All that day the countenances of the older, stronger men had worn an expression of earnest anxiety, such as might be seen upon the faces of military leaders upon the eve of an important engagement. Several times during the day the white-haired presiding elder had been sought for consultation, but those who knew him best, knew that, Moses-like, he was alone with God in the wild-wood solitude pleading for the people.

"I wonder what that little old mummy thinks he can do at preaching?" whispered Katie, as the Mayburn party came upon the ground. "I'm glad they've got him up, though, for I want to hear the best of it, and I presume he'll get off something queer enough before he gets through."

"A mere burlesque upon preaching," said Bell, with a curl of her lip; "quite in keeping with the whole thing, though; a mere farce, any way. I wish we'd had sense enough to stay at home. Such ordinary-looking people, with their straight old pokes of bonnets and chip hats!"

"Why, now, Bell, they look real funny to me, and I know there'll be nice sport when they all get started."

"For my part," said Frederic, "I think this moonlight scene is charming, with its lights and shades. I must confess I quite preferred not to come, but that little mischief teased me so, I could n't refuse; but I'm enchanted with the beauty of the place—and their singing, how it swells and rises among the old arches of their woody temple, and off to the stars!"

"If the effect upon you increases," said Bell, half provoked and half amused, "I shall look

for you up there in that old board pen, holding forth with those uncouth old fellows."

"O, would n't that be funny!" said Katie, smothering a laugh.

"It inspires you so," Bell went on, "I think the next difficult suit you have to plead you'd better arrange for moonlight upon a campground."

"Like the Areopagus on Mars' Hill," said Frederic, without noticing the sarcasm. "But, Bell, I do n't see how you can call those men in the stand such hard names. I'm sure I think they're very fine looking, except the one who read the hymn. There's that old general in the chair, see what a forehead he has; he's more dignified and commanding than half our judges. That one with the large head and melancholy eyes—there, at the right; that's Danoon. He has a little chapel in the suburbs. He was educated for the bar—a thorough scholar, I've been told."

The last three words were uttered in a tone just a shade lower and quicker than the rest, as though there was a hidden pain, connected with them. Slight as it was it did not escape the sister's quick ear.

"You have heard him preach?" she said.

"Do n't you think he has a fine head?" asked Frederic, evasively.

"Have you ever heard him preach, Frederic?"

"And what if I have?" was the reply.

"Do you see that tall, fine-looking fellow, just going into the stand?" asked Frederic, when they were seated in the shade of a large tree, quite aloof from the congregation. "That's Professor Gorman. He is engaged in a literary enterprise somewhere in the western part of the State. I became acquainted with him while in that Hilton case. He was one of my witnesses—a huge fellow, intellectually, I mean—a bachelor; and, by the way, Bell, I believe he's just the man for you; for all his meek exterior, he is as unmovable as the pillars of Hercules. What do you say, shall I introduce him?"

"A pretty way to dispose of your sister," said Bell, trying to repress a smile at the ludicrousness of the idea—"marry her to a starveling professor of nonsense among these fanatics, because forsooth he has practiced on refractory boys till you think him adequate to the shrew-taming process."

This night, on the encampment, was one of those in which the world's Reprover comes so near and speaks so audibly to all hearts, that it matters but little who preaches, or, indeed, whether there be any preaching, so that the utterances be from the heart most in harmony

with the strong, deep current that bears all into the presence of God.

"Pshaw!" said Katie, "there is n't any fun at all in that old man, for all he looked so queer at first. Do you suppose it's so—what he has been saying, Bell?"

"Why, no, you foolish child, of course not—what makes you shiver so? I presume some things he has said are true. Of course we all believe the Bible, and know we've got to die some day; but then people in their senses never think of making such an ado!"

She did not finish the sentence, for her attention was arrested by a group of city "rowdies" who had annoyed her before by their profanity, and the scent of whisky and tobacco that accompanied them.

"Look a here, Tom," said one of them, "let's stretch this rope across here in the shade of this big tree, and the first one that comes along 'll tumble over it; that 'll knock the stick down, and the thing 'll go off. It won't hurt nobody; there an't powder enough in it; but they 'll think old Sootie's after 'em sure enough."

"For shame," exclaimed Frederic Mayburn, taking the fellow roughly by the arm, "for shame—coming here to disturb harmless, peaceable people in their worship. Come, now, take up these things, and off with you, or you 'll have occasion to repent it."

The man stooped down to take up the rope, muttering, "Guess he'd a right to a little sport if he liked."

"Pshaw, Dick," said a sullen, burly-looking fellow, "afore I'd be cowed out—What you 'fraid of, boy? pitch in and lick him. Who cares for the law? 'T an't on the side of them blubberin' fools, as long as them that handles it hates 'em every bit as bad as we do."

"Well," said Mayburn, "proceed if you think best. If these people have n't the means of protecting themselves some one else may have; so go on if you think the thing 'll pay."

"Blast him," muttered Tom, "he's got the stuff, and I guess we'd better cave."

Frederic had tried during this encounter to avoid notice, but he was not unobserved. A mild-looking man from among the worshipers, who had made before an unsuccessful attempt to persuade the rowdies to desist, stepped forward, and extending his hand thanked him cordially.

"Why do n't you talk plainly and severely to the miserable fellows?" asked Mayburn, "the law is on your side; it will protect you."

"The law itself is right enough," said the man, "but many of those who administer it think they are doing God's service in siding

against us. We can't get redress, sir; so we try to endure patiently; and many a poor sinner who won't attend other meetings at all and comes here only to make trouble, goes home a praying man."

"A pretty piece of chivalry," said Isabel, as her brother resumed his seat at her side. "I was in hopes we should n't be recognized, but now I presume I shall enjoy the pleasure of being quizzed; every body 'll know we were here."

"I think it would be better not to go where we are ashamed to be seen," said Frederic; "but if you have taken such a *faux pas* probably you had better retreat. Shall I lead you to the carriage?"

Bell did not feel inclined to confess the weakness referred to, so she was silent. The sermon was ended, and the patriarchal old man arose to address the people. His voice was clear and strong, and rang out upon the night air like a trumpet. After a warm, rallying exhortation to Christians, and an earnest entreating invitation to sinners to come to Christ, there was a general movement toward the altar, and sobs, and groans, and cries for mercy blended with prayer that rent the heavens. There were doubtless many things that seemed quite unnecessary, to those who were sufficiently braced against the mighty, swaying influence, to criticise; some gestures and expressions of earnestness, that seemed quite inartistic, to say the least; but those who were imbued with the spirit of the hour felt too deeply the fearful realities of the eternal world to care for the little irregularities that might disturb the fastidious.

"Come along, Tom," said one of the rowdies to another, as he pulled him by where the Mayburns were sitting and on toward the altar. "Derned ef I want to leave you behind. I've felt as ef death and hell was after me ever sence I was here Monday night. B'lieve I've acted more like a cussed fool since then than ever before sence I was born. If there is any peace for such an imp as I've been, I'm hanged ef I do n't put in for it."

"Come, Frederic," said Isabel, "let us go home; I'm sick of this; it's awful."

Frederic had been sitting for half an hour as motionless as a man of marble. It would be useless to attempt a description of his emotions. None could understand them but a proud, gifted, ambitious man, who had felt the weight of "conviction" slowly accumulating and steadily resisted for months, burst upon him at last with the power of the thundering tornado, nearly depriving him of all sense of the tangible and outer, in the fearfulness of the spiritual and inner.

"Come, come, Frederic, are you asleep? do let's go."

He arose mechanically, and shaking his sister's hand from his arm he moved slowly down the broad central aisle—on, through the crowd, till he reached the altar, and falling upon his knees he groaned, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Bell, after making several ineffectual attempts to detain him, sunk back in utter despair.

"Come, Katie, let's go," she whispered through her white lips.

"And leave Fred alone in this dreadful place?"

"Come along," said Bell, in a hard, sharp tone, "I can find the carriage; Joe is in it. What are you afraid of? nobody'll touch us—come along."

"Come, Mary," said Mrs. Danoon, as she entered the tent, "can't you go down to the altar now? There are some girls there who, it appears, were awakened by something you said to them to-day. They think they must see you, so I came up for you. You are looking so much happier. You can go, can't you?"

"O yes," said Mary, throwing a shawl around her shoulders. "The weight is all gone from my heart; I am so sure my prayers will be answered."

"I never saw such a night as this," said Mrs. Danoon, as they walked toward the altar. "I presume there'll be over fifty converted to-night. There was one young man that Edgar was conversing with when I came away; he's a splendid fellow; if he gets soundly converted he'll do a great deal of good. Why, here he comes now, with Edgar."

Frederic Mayburn approached, his fine countenance radiant with happiness, and clasping Mary's hand in his—quite to the astonishment of good Mrs. Danoon, who was not expecting such a scene—he said, in a low, tremulous voice, "Can you too forgive me, Mary?"

"I have a proposition to submit," said Professor Gorman, with his usual quiet smile; "I will state the case in a plain way, and if any special pleading is necessary call on lady Bell; of late she has grown quite eloquent in her enthusiasm for the cause I wish to present."

You would have known from the gentle, half-embarrassed smile, by which Isabel recognized her husband's compliment, that the three years that had elapsed since we saw her last, had witnessed a complete change in her spirit as well as in her social relations.

"You know, Frederic," continued the Professor, "I have told you before how much we needed a church in our place, especially on the students' account. Well, I told the brethren if

they would build such a one as we really need, I would raise what money they lacked after they had done all they possibly could. They are as noble a set of brethren as ever were, but they're poor; and after they had subscribed all they could, they were still minus about six thousand. I meant to travel and solicit among the patrons of our institution during vacation next Summer, but as I had intended to get my work ready for the press, and then rest a little before the Fall term commences, Bell insists that I should lay the matter before our Thanksgiving reunion. What do you say, Fred? Mary, can you help us?"

"We are the Lord's stewards," replied Frederic. "Mary and I have not forgotten the promise we all made last Thanksgiving, to pay a tenth for benevolent purposes. Present your paper, Bell; *Ma chere Marie*, shall we see your name at the head?"

Mrs. Mayburn took the paper and, hesitating a moment, said musingly, "Let me see, one such party as we used to have would have cost—wines, flowers, confectionery, and all—how much?"

She did not wait to answer the question, but wrote her name and subscription. Frederic read, "Mary F. Mayburn, two thousand dollars."

"Well done," he said; "now, Frau Gorman, your subscription, if you please." Bell wrote her name, and two thousand opposite. "We must not slight our good sister Mabel," said Frederic, turning toward Mrs. Danoon, who naturally enough formed a part of the group.

"I am afraid Mabel's part in this matter will be very small," said Mr. Danoon. "The good Father has not burdened us with so large a stewardship as he has you; but we give our tenth just as cheerfully and thankfully as though it were thousands."

Mrs. Danoon wrote her name, with five dollars attached. Frederic took the paper and prefixing three figures to the ones she had made, he read, "'Mabel S. Danoon, two thousand and five dollars.' Well, girls, I did n't think you'd be outdone in liberality by an itinerant's wife. There, George," he said to the Professor, "there's your six thousand—now finish your book, and be sure to get through in time, so that we can run down to Rosedale and visit uncle Carwell and Katie, and get a breath of country air before the Fall work comes on.

"Mary, dear, shall I lead you to the piano now? We must have our Thanksgiving hymn and then our circle of prayer, for I believe our blessed Father has given us more sunshine to be thankful for than is often enjoyed this side of heaven."

GHOSTS.

BY REV. T. M. GRIFFITH.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

SO sang England's great poet; and many have read the lines, admired the beauty of the sentiment, and then dismissed it from the mind as only *poetry*. This is an unpoetic age. We live in the midst of wonderful and startling realities. We have no time to sport with the phantoms of superstition that peopled the fancy world of Virgil, and played around the harp of blind old Homer. Celestial visitants might figure well in a romance of the middle ages, or a fairy tale, rich with Oriental imagery. Sages, with eye fixed on the spiritual, have written with pen of fire, and transferred upon their glowing page the visions that were before them; orators have adorned their impassioned utterances with the beauty and glory of the supernatural; and bards of old have strung the living lyre and swept its chords with unwonted power, when thoughts of the unearthly and spiritual rushed in upon their souls. All the ages have felt the charm of their wondrous melody, and acknowledged the peculiar sweetness of their strain. But who would seriously look for *truth* amid this abundant display of poetic beauty? Our age is practical. We aim at realism, if, alas! we are not sweeping on toward the cheerless, shoreless sea of materialism.

That spirits do appear on earth might be argued from reason, from Scripture, and from the facts of history. The Bible abounds in references to spirits and in narratives of supernatural appearances. Its testimony is clear and acknowledged, as to the fact that communications have been made between the inhabitants of earth and those of the spirit-world. History, too, gives the well-attested facts as they have occurred in all ages; an overwhelming amount of testimony might be produced. Every land, every neighborhood, almost every family, has its startling facts. Witnesses beyond number, of the highest character for veracity and sound judgment, have given their evidence to the world; and the world has rejected their testimony as unreasonable. Such an array of evidence as has been produced to prove the appearances of ghosts, would be considered overwhelmingly convincing on almost any other subject. The question then remains, is the doctrine consistent with reason?

We know that there is a vast dissimilarity between body and spirit, and we know not by

what means the presence of a spirit could be cognizable by the senses. The mind within may have faculties of perceiving and knowing with which we are but imperfectly acquainted. There may be a kind of "sixth sense" through which we gain occasional glimpses of those spiritual beings which are generally invisible to mortal eye. The ancient prophet may have referred to this when he prayed for his fearful servant, and said, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see." And when the young man's vision was opened to see what was before invisible, "behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire" round about them. Generally this sense is closed, and we see only with the bodily eye; the constant sight of spirits might unfit us for the duties of life, an occasional manifestation may tend to lead the mind from "the things that are seen," and deeply impress us with the fact that there is a spirit-world. Besides, we know not but that spirits may appear in some *form* that may be perceived at times even by the eye of flesh. It is not certain that spirits are absolutely disembodied, though the terrestrial body is left below. "There is a *spiritual* body," says the apostle. It is highly probable that the glory of the resurrection is anticipated in heaven by the union of the soul with some spiritualized substance, at once its dwelling and its organ of blissful activity.

It is reasonable that departed spirits should take an interest in the scenes of earth. This world was the sphere of their probation where their destiny was wrought out. The friends they have left behind were to them ministers of virtue or of vice; their influence is felt as it never was before; those friends may have become objects of greater solicitude and love, now that the worth of their salvation is more fully realized. "But would not a sight of the miseries of earth mar the happiness of celestial beings?" We answer, happiness, in itself, is not the only end of life, either on earth or in heaven—but happiness obtained through obedience to God and usefulness to his creatures. Those blessed beings, whose highest law and highest life is love, could be far more happy in ministering to the victims of earthly sorrow, than they could be by an idle exclusion from human misery; knowing of its existence and yet debarred from either witnessing or alleviating it.

It is objected that the inhabitants of the heavenly world would not wish to leave it even for a moment, while those of hell would not be permitted to leave their abode of sorrow. We answer, a change of place does not imply a change of state. The blessed ones of heaven find their highest joy in carrying out the benevolent de-

signs of God toward the creatures of his care in heaven, on earth, and in other worlds; for the whole universe is heaven to them, inasmuch as they not only carry the secret springs of happiness with them wherever they go, but they find all things pervaded with the glorious presence of God; so that

"Where'er they are, where'er they move,
They meet the object of their love;"

and on the other hand, if devils and damned spirits are permitted to visit this earth, as we believe they are, though generally unseen, yet they carry within their own bosoms a burning hell, that makes this fair earth to them a scene of suffering and woe; and this universe that teems with the wonders of almighty Love, has for them no scene of happiness nor cheering voice of hope. Spirits lost are here to tempt and to suffer. Spirits blest are here to minister and enjoy; for even on earth can seraphs find a heaven—the heaven of loving God and doing good.

When we pass out of this world we do not lose our identity; we are human beings still, and have the sympathies, desires, and capacities that belong to human nature. Hence we are not to expect an unnatural state of existence in the eternal world, but one for which the present life has fitted us. Departed friends have not forgotten us; they can not cease to sympathize and love; they watch with intensest interest our progress through life, perform many a deed of ministering love, and at last receive and welcome the departing soul to its destiny.

The heavenly world is sometimes represented to us in a very unattractive light. We are led to think of it as a place where the inhabitants have no other employment than to engage in constant acts of adoration and praise before the throne of God; where they have lost all sympathy with the associations of former years; and where liberty is exchanged for a limited sphere of thought and action. On the contrary, we believe that when the spirit shall have burst its earthly shackles it shall plunge into a limitless field of divine glory, unravel the mysteries of creation, engage in stupendous enterprises worthy of such an exalted condition, and survey the wondrous displays of divine power and goodness scattered throughout the universe, all which acts shall turn the soul in still increasing adoration to God.

But while every place is made sacred by the Divine presence, and all the universe teems with sources of joy to spirits blessed, there may be a particular spot, a central home, where they chiefly dwell. From this blissful abode the

angels of God are continually descending on missions of mercy, and to it the members of the great family of God are returning from every part of creation, where they have gathered fresh and glowing evidences of Divine wisdom, power, and love. In this great capital of worlds schemes of lofty enterprise are formed, and projects worthy of Omnipotence are executed; now, perhaps, a new world is to feel the joy of fresh existence, and then some erring race is to be restored to mercy. The celestial inhabitants, coöperating with the Almighty in the vast concerns of his glorious kingdom, find unspeakable delight in furthering his blessed designs and diffusing happiness to all orders of animated being. Well may every immortal in view of such destiny exultingly exclaim,

"O, what a glorious future beams on me,
With nobler senses, nobler peers!
I'll wing me through creation like a bee,
And taste the gleaming spheres.
Ye are my menials, ye thick-crowding years,
Ha! yet with a triumphant shout
My spirit shall take captive all the spheres
And wring their riches out."

There is a blissful creation in which the disenthralled spirit shall exercise its newly-wrought capacities, and find a field of enjoyment vast and rich as its own immortal powers.

And as on earth there is a time appointed for the solemn assembly of God's people, so in heaven at stated times the wandering celestials may assemble before the throne,

"Where, from the bright, unclouded face of God,
They drink full draughts of bliss and endless joy,"

roll out the universal tide of praise, recount to each other the wondrous displays of divine excellence and the startling developments of divine government which they have witnessed in all the worlds, and form benevolent enterprises for the future. This is the central point of attraction, the brightest spot in the regions of space where flowers ever bloom, skies are ever clear, and light immortal beams in every object; where joys supreme are found, friendships are unbroken, life blooms and flourishes in union with the Infinite, and love reigns eternally. This is the *home* of the blessed, but not a place of isolated and selfish exclusion; from this point of divergence go forth all ministering influences to gladden and bless the creatures of God.

"For my part," said Alton Locke, "I seem to have learnt that the only thing to regenerate the world is not more of any system, good or bad, but simply more of the Spirit of God."

DREAMING.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

"Our life is twofold."

SHE stood beside a wayside spring,
A bonnie blue-eyed winsome thing!

The sun was sinking in the west;
A purple mantle on his breast,
And draperies of burnished gold
Hung o'er his couch in many a fold;

And to her eyes the whole did seem
The fairy fancies of a dream.

Far off amid yon gates of gold,
She almost thought she should behold

Some arméd knight of old romance
Bend on her form his loving glance.

Dark should his eye be, bronzed his face,
In every motion, ease and grace.

And when on her his eyes would bend,
Firmness with tenderness should blend.

"Ah yes! on such a noble breast
This form with joy would ever rest,

And all life's rapture then would be
To love and to be loved—by thee!"

The dry leaves close beside her stirred—
"And who so blest, my bonnie bird!

Who is it with thy sweet life fraught?
Would it were I that filled thy thought!

For I have wandered far and wide
Across yon heaving ocean-tide—

To where the fair girls dress the vine
Upon the storied banks of Rhine—

To where the twilight weaves romance
Around the sunny maids of France;
And where the bright Italian skies
Make brighter still their bright black eyes.

But never yet so sweet a face,
A form so full of witching grace,
Eyes of such soft and heavenly blue,
Where Love's own soul seems smiling through;

And yet where Thought doth seem to dwell
A prisoner in a crystal cell."

"Nay, nay, sir, cease your flatteries!
I know, sir, that I have bright eyes;
But yonder heaven is far more bright;
It is a very sea of light.

And even in this little spring
What streams of light are quivering!

And many things on earth are bright;
Then why, sir, praise so small a light?"

"Lady! the skies of Italie
Are bright and beautiful to see!

And in the Arno's classic vale
The river winds—a silver trail!

And bright the Guadalquiver's chain
Twines 'round the sunny hills of Spain.

But skies, nor vale, nor river bright
Can ever show the spirit's light;

That is a gift to mortals given,
A foretaste of the light of heaven—

A relic left of Paradise—
The light that flashes from those eyes!

The soul's own language, written well,
And which at Babel never fell—

Th' unfolding of the spirit's links—
The answer to the questioning sphinx.

Yet only by one ear 't is heard,
Yet only by one spirit stirred.

And by this throbbing heart of mine,
I know it is a thing divine.

And by the skies that bend above,
My spirit offers thine its love.

Its all of life, of hope and faith,
From here even to the gate of death."

She gives her heart, she gives her hand,
As in the deepening shade they stand.

And thus to him, "it sure doth seem
Thou art the answer to my dream!"

TEMPTED.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

I STAND upon the borders of the enchanted land;
Ravishing scenes before me spread wide on either
hand,

Bewitching pleasures beckon, sweet siren voices call,
And ah! I see what draws me more mightily than all.

Thou beautiful temptation, so fair, so warm, so bright,
I know the radiance round thee can be no holy light,
And yet my soul is wrestling with wild desires to be
Within that rosy glory, that golden warmth with thee.

Rude tempests beat upon me, shiv'ring and faint I
stand;

O! why may I not enter this fair enchanted land?
Why turn to desolation when all things sweetly woo?
O! soft enticing pleasures, sing ye but to undo?

Stand off, thou smiling spirit, I dare not have thee
near;

Turn, turn those bright eyes from me, their fond, deep
gaze I fear;

Back! nay, thou canst not touch me; I have not crossed
the line,

Though I do long to clasp thee—thank God! I am not
thine.

Farewell, bewildering regions, Enchanter, fare thee
well,

To the cold lands behind me I turn me, there to
dwell;

Better the roughest desert the innocent e'er trod,
Than all entrancing pleasures of love unblessed by
God.

**SOMETHING CONCERNING THE TREES
WHOSE FRUITS FURNISH BREAD
FOR MAN.**

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

I.

PALMS.

BREAD, as made from the flour of wheat or corn, considered among civilized nations "the staff of life," is very little known among the inhabitants of Asia, Africa, or Oceanica, who supply its place with rice, millet, and numerous fruits and roots.

Among the most important of these fruits is the date, the product of the palm-tree.

Surrounded with religious and classical associations, and connected in our minds with the practical and romantic, the palm, with its beauty and usefulness, breathing as it does of tropical growth and luxuriance, has become emblematic of the East, which is known as "the land of palms."

To the Hebrew it was the type of exceeding excellence, the standard of comparison for things godly and beautiful. David says, "The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree;" Solomon, "Thy stature is like a palm-tree." The Jews celebrated a festival in honor of their fathers' entering the Promised Land, in which they bore palms in their hands; on triumphal occasions they cast it in the way of kings; hence to do Him honor they strewed it in the path of the Savior; a representation of it was also impressed on their coins.

It was the ancient emblem of victory; among the Greeks it was, with the olive, awarded to conquerors in the Olympic games. The early Christians assumed it as the universal symbol of martyrdom, and, as such, it was carried by those who suffered for the truth, and was sculptured on the tombs of the first martyrs; in some old paintings they are drawn with branches of the date-palm in their hands.

During the time of the Crusades, the pilgrims resorting to the Holy Land, returned bearing branches of palm, and from this circumstance obtained the name *Palmers*, indicative of the journey they had accomplished.

The Mohammedans, who from it derive their principal subsistence, venerate it; and a particular species, which tradition asserts afforded refreshment to their prophet in his begira, is considered sacred among them. Their great Caliph Omar, when on his journey from Medinah to Jerusalem, to receive the submission of the Holy City, is said to have carried for nourishment only a bag of dried dates.

The dates of Arabia, particularly those of Medinah, are the most celebrated in the world. So important is the crop, it is related, that one Arab meeting another in the desert will inquire the price of dates at Mecca, as one farmer in our country, chancing on another going to market, would question of the growth of wheat, or the prospect of the corn crop.

They abound in traditions of the date-palm; one species is regarded as a talisman against poison, another as preventing illness. The varieties have their peculiar names; the best is held in such estimation that it is packed in ornamental boxes, or put up in skins, and sent as highly-prized souvenirs from one friend to another. This kind is rarely sold; when it is it brings a very high price. The tree bearing this date is a very uncommon one, and is seldom found out of Arabia. The fruit is about two inches long, the yield small, and it is called *el sheleli*.

The unripe product of another species is dipped into boiling water to preserve its color, then strung upon threads and hung in the sun to dry, making amulets, which are worn as necklaces by the children of Hejaz.

In the court of the Medinah mosque is the garden of the Lady Fatima, containing a dozen date-trees, descended, according to legend, from palms planted by the Prophet's daughter. The common people consider this fruit as sacred. It is sold at enormous prices, and is thought one of the most acceptable offerings which could be made to their Sultan.

The palm plantations near Medinah are described as most beautiful; they are cultivated and watered with care. The date harvest is the great festival season—the time when they make merry with dance and song.

The first palm seen in Spain was brought there after the Arabian invasion, by order of the Emperor, Abderahman, who, with his own hands, planted it at Cordova, and watched its growth with delight; for it recalled early associations and scenes of his childhood, when lisping at his mother's knee. The following lines were said to have been addressed to it by him:

"Ah! my beautiful and graceful palm-tree,
Thou art here a stranger! The west wind woos thee
Gently, sweetly, with its tender voice of love,
Softly caressing thy rich luxuriance; fertile earth
Thy roots are gladly nourishing, and high thy head
To heaven thou raisest. Ah, noble tree,
Hast thou no grief for thy deserted home?
Must I alone endure the pain,
And weep the tears of deep regret in vain
For thy companions? Thy sister trees,
So freshly growing, crowned with feathery diadems,
Along the flowing banks of Farot's streams?"

South America abounds in palms. Brazil is noted for them. There is a tradition among the Indians there, that the whole human race sprang from the palm-tree. One species of the date palm is particularly mentioned as plentiful on the plains of the Oronoco and Amazon Rivers, in the country of the Guanacas. This species is called the Mauritius palm, and when the country is overflowed, as it always is at the rainy season, the natives retire to the palm-trees, which grow close together, and having made mats of the leaves, suspend them between the trunks, and covering them with clay, kindle their fires thereon. Having the fruit for food, the pith for bread, the juice for wine, they employ themselves in weaving mats from the leaves, or making hammocks from the fibers of the limbs, each man's tree being his castle, where he lights his fire or makes his bed at pleasure.

The day on which Christ entered Jerusalem, riding on an ass's colt, when the people tore down branches of trees and laid them in his path, is called Palm Sunday, being the first day of "Holy Week," five days before the crucifixion. In commemoration of that event, the Romish priests on that day bless and distribute branches of palm among the people. In Europe the real palm is used, merchants selling it for the occasion; but in this country evergreens are substituted. Goethe says:

"In Rome on Palm Sunday,
They have the true palm—
The cardinals bow reverently,
And sing old psalms—
Elsewhere these palms are sung—
'Mid olive branches—
More northern climes must be content
With the sad willow."

The palms which have been blessed on Palm Sunday are kept till the following Lent, when they are reduced to ashes, and on Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, these ashes are sprinkled over the people in sign of humiliation.

The species of this tree have been reckoned at over a thousand in number, among which are the date, cocoa, cabbage, wax, fan, furnishing to the inhabitants of the country where they are found not only the necessities, but the comforts, and even the luxuries of their life.

The many uses of this beautiful tree have been finely described by our Whittier:

"To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine—
House, and raiment, and food, and wine."

The date palm, which may almost be said to constitute the wealth of the region where it is

found, is a tall, straight, majestic tree, often presenting to the eye a shaft, fifty or sixty feet in height, bearing its foliage on the top like a crown. It is a native of Oceanica, South America, Africa, and Asia, and is particularly fine in that part of Africa near the great desert, called "The Land of Dates," and in Arabia.

It lives to a great age, having been known to reach two and even three hundred years. The fruit, which forms an important article of commerce, and in its dried state can be procured any day in our markets, is the principal edible of the inhabitants of its native country, supplying the place of bread in ours. It is eaten at all meals, both in its green and dried states; is cooked with butter and oil, and served in many ways, always constituting the most important, and, among the poorer classes, the only dish.

From its juice is made palm wine and palm oil, and by distillation an ardent spirit; a sirup is also prepared from it, in which dates are preserved for transportation. The kernel of the date, which resembles that of the peach, has been discovered lately to yield a richer oil than the fruit, and has become an article of export. The wood of this species is not firm, but it is used for posts and railings, and huts are often built of it—the stalks furnish mats, baskets, and food for cattle; the leaves, couches and panniers; the inner bark, cordage. It is said there is scarcely a ship navigating the Red Sea whose cordage is not made of the fibers of the palm. Camels eat the seed, and sago is procured from the pith.

Not only does it supply "house, and raiment, and food, and wine," but from the tougher sort the native manufactures the tools with which his house is built, his weapons of offense and defense, the needle and thread to sew his garment, the umbrella to shade him, the fan to keep him cool, the salt to season his bread, the sugar to sweeten it, the lamp used to prepare it by day, and which gives him light by night.

Large quantities of palm oil are employed in this country and in England in the manufacture of stearine candles and palm soap. That from Africa is brought a distance of forty and fifty miles to the coast for shipment on the backs of men and women, contained in little vessels made of hollow sections of trees, each holding two or three gallons.

As the failure of the date crop brings distress, and often famine upon whole districts, it is watched with anxiety and care. Its great enemy is the locust, which sometimes destroys the product of a whole season.

In the Garden of Plants, at Paris, there are several palm-trees, which have been highly cul-

tivated and are much admired. The palm blossom is a huge bouquet of delicate white flowers, having a perfume resembling that of the lilac.

The Talipot palm, or fan palm, is a native of Ceylon and the East Indies, and is considered the most magnificent of the species. Its leaves are employed to make tents, umbrellas, and to write books on—almost all the volumes relating to the religion of Buddha are inscribed on the leaves of this tree, which have also been used by the missionaries to write tracts on. Its pith furnishes sago meal, which is made into bread. The tree derives its name from a peculiarity of its foliage, which, when young, folds up like a fan, but as the leaves increase in age they gradually spread open.

The cabbage palm is remarkable for its edible terminal buds, which, in taste and appearance, are said to resemble cabbage, and are esteemed a great luxury.

The sago palm furnishes sago, a dry, mealy, nutritious starch, which is prepared from its pith, and is much used in our country as a diet for the sick, or as aliment for infants; but in the Asiatic archipelago it is a staple article of food for all classes.

When young the trunk of the sago palm is covered with thorns, and has no clearly-defined bark; but as it grows older the thorns disappear, and it becomes smooth. When the pith is ripe, which is known by the appearance of a whitish dust on the leaves, the trunk is felled close to the ground and sawed into longitudinal sections, measuring from four to six feet each. The pith is scraped from the wood, water poured upon it till it forms a kind of paste, and it is several times kneaded in a trough formed of pieces of the trunk, then left till the sago settles at the bottom, after which it is strained through a sieve and is sago meal, which is either used in this state or made into bread. One tree will furnish from four hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds of flour. That which is whitest is called pearl sago in commerce. It is imported principally from Java, the Philippine and Molucca Islands. Some other trees afford it besides the palm.

The cocoa-nut is another of the palm species, peculiarly valuable as yielding food, raiment, and other necessities to a large portion of the human family. This tree is almost always found by water, particularly near the sea-shore, where the sands are alternately washed and left bare by the tide. A century and a half since there were no cocoa-nut-trees on the Maldiv Islands; but some nuts having accidentally found their way there, they took root, and now those islands are covered with them.

This palm sometimes reaches the height of eighty feet; the stem is tough and hard; the blossom clusters of firm, whitish flowers, which are followed by the fruit, growing upon a strong fiber directly from the trunk, and when young resembling the acorn. In its early stages it is protected by a sheath growing over it. This sheath, which, in its dry state, very much resembles a fabric manufactured from tow, shrivels as the fruit increases in size, and it is left to take care of itself.

The nut is inclosed in an outer rind or shell, which is very thin and covers a mass of fibers, within which is a second shell, hard and round, which, besides the nut, contains a quantity of milk. The usual yield of one tree is from fifty to sixty nuts per season, and sometimes more. These are nutritious and palatable—a source of both sustenance and profit, as they are exported in large quantities. The meat of the nut, when dried, is called *copperal*. It makes excellent puddings and pies.

The wood of the cocoa-nut is so tough it will last for a long time—offering strong resistance to the weather, it is used to build houses and boats, to make furniture, knife, cane, and parasol handles, and small ornamental articles. Of the twigs, baskets and mats are made; the fibers of the outer shell furnish the rope called *coir*, sail-cloth, cordage, and the materials for brooms, which latter are finished with bamboo handles, and are beautiful and useful. The inner shell is wrought into cups, drinking vessels, and bowls, and are often seen in our kitchens. Thus we have

"The cocoa's root,

Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit."

A sugar called *jaggery* is procured from the sap, which is the only article of the kind used by the natives. With this sugar and a portion of lime they prepare a cement with which they cover their houses. The sap is termed *toddy*. By distillation it yields the best East India arrack, a beverage in great favor with the people of the East. Oil is procured from the nut, the meat of which is the principal ingredient of *broma*, a nutritive substance, said to be excellent food for invalids and children.

The story goes, that when unable to procure the nuts which grow at the top of the tallest trees, the natives make an attack upon the monkeys, which are numerous in those regions, climbing these trees at pleasure, whereupon the animals take refuge in the topmost branches and retaliate by throwing the nuts at their assailants. Sang Mrs. Osgood,

"O the green and the graceful—the cocoa-nut-tree,
The lone and the lofty, it loves like me

The flash, the foam of the heaving sea,
 And the sound of the surging waves,
 In the shore's unfathomed caves;
 With its stately shaft, and its verdant crown,
 And its fruit in clusters drooping down,
 Some of a soft and tender green,
 And some all ripe and brown between,
 And flowers, too, lending their lovelier grace
 Like a blush through the tresses on beauty's face;
 O, the lovely, the free,
 The cocoa-nut-tree,
 Is the tree of all trees for me."

JOHN RANDOLPH'S VISIT TO ELIZABETH FRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN 1832 the eccentric John Randolph, then in London, made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Fry. It was done in his own characteristic manner. A "stranger" was announced and admitted. A tall, thin gentleman, with long hair, and singularly dressed, entered the parlor and walked deliberately up to her. She rose to receive him, when he held out his hand, saying, "I feel I have some right to introduce myself to Elizabeth Fry, as I am the friend of her friend, *****, of Philadelphia. I am John Randolph of Roanoke, State of Virginia—the fellow-countryman of Washington." His reception was most cordial, and the effect produced upon him is best told by another anecdote.

During the same year Mr. Harvey visited Randolph, when the following scene took place. "Suddenly Randolph rose from his chair, and, in his most imposing manner, thus addressed him: 'Mr. Harvey, two days ago I saw the greatest curiosity in London—ay, and in England, too, sir—compared to which Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Somerset House, the British Museum, nay, Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance! I have seen, sir, Elizabeth Fry, in Newgate, and I have witnessed there, sir, miraculous effects of true Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings—*bad women*, sir, who are worse, if possible, than the — himself! And yet the wretched outcasts have been tamed and subdued by the Christian eloquence of Mrs. Fry! I have seen them weep repentant tears which she addressed them. I have heard their groans of despair, sir! Nothing but religion can effect this miracle, sir! O, sir, it was a sight worthy the attention of angels!" These incidents, which we have from authentic sources, reflect credit alike upon "the female Howard" and the eccentric "John Randolph of Roanoke."

THE SOUTH WIND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

O, THE light south wind!
 It brought us the odor of orange bowers,
 Of citron-trees and of all rare flowers.
 As we sat by our door in Summery hours—
 Did the light south wind.
 O, the sweet south wind!
 It brought us the oriole's love-breathing note—
 The parakeet's praise of his pretty green coat,
 The carols that gush from the mocking-bird's throat—
 Did the sweet south wind.
 O, the loud south wind!
 It brought the rude song and the African's jest;
 It brought us—O shame!—his deep sighs of unrest,
 When the foot of his master bore hard on his breast—
 Did the loud south wind.

O, the wild south wind!
 It brought us the murmurs of bitterness, first,
 Then threats of the traitor—forever accurst—
 And the hum of a tempest just ready to burst—
 Did the wild south wind.

O, the mad south wind!
 It brought us the surge of the battle-maelstrom,
 The cracking of rifles, the cannon's deep boom,
 The crashing of mortars, the thunders of doom—
 Did the mad south wind.

O, the sad south wind!
 It told us anew the dark story of Cain,
 Rehearsing, to grieve us, again and again,
 The groans of the dying, the dirge for the slain—
 Did the sad south wind.

O, the glad south wind!
 It brings the sweet bugle-note piercing and strong,
 Proclaiming the triumph of right over wrong,
 And we lift up our voices to join in the song
 Of the glad south wind.

SAID I NOT UNTO THEE?

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

"Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the salvation of God?" BIBLE.

Yes thou didst, thou blessed Savior,
 Thou didst tell me long ago;
 How that sacred promise cheers me,
 While I wander here below!
 I heard it at the hour of even,
 Whispered clearly to my heart;
 Heard it when the glowing mornbeam
 Bade the shades of night depart.
 When stern disappointments meet me,
 And the frownings of despair;
 When nature shrinks so painfully
 From what she can not bear,
 Then, O then, my blest Redeemer!
 Then thy promise is my stay;
 For its music breathes around me,
 Cheering all the darksome way.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Summary.

REDEMPTION.—“*In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.*” Eph. i, 7.

Redemption is the grand theme of the apostle in this text—a theme that ever engaged the mind and thrilled the heart of this noble herald of the Cross. Whether occupied in writing letters to the several Churches founded by his ministry, or in unfolding “the way of salvation” to the people in his preaching, the great burden of God’s infinite love to man in redemption ever lay upon his mind and heart!

We have four interesting topics of thought in this passage of God’s Word. We have first,

I. REDEMPTION IN ITS SOURCE: “in whom”—CHRIST.

Redemption the burden of the prophetic Scriptures. Isaiah, in allusion to Christ, breaks forth, “He will come and save you; then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,” etc. Jeremiah holds these words concerning him: “In his days Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is the name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.” Gabriel, in preannouncing the birth of Christ and the object of his mission to earth, said, “Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.”

Two things required in the agent effecting our redemption—Godhood and manhood.

1. *The agent of it must be divine.* This will readily appear from the nature and magnitude of the work to be done. (1.) Injury to an infinite law to be repaired. Who could do this but a divine being? The highest created intelligence is unequal to it, because finite. Independence of law necessary. (2.) The release of man from the penalty of the law to be effected. The law must have satisfaction; but who could render it but Christ? (3.) The recovery of man to the favor of God to be secured. This impossible without divine intervention. But

2. *The agent of it must be human as well as divine.* The law demanded a human victim, because man had sinned; therefore, (1.) Christ must be man to suffer. “Thus it is written and thus it behooved Christ to suffer,” etc. (2.) Manhood necessary to a priesthood. Therefore “He took not on him the nature of angels; but took on him the seed of Abraham.” Human sympathy a necessary element of Christ’s priesthood. “We have not a high-priest that can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” etc. (3.) Manhood jointly with Godhood necessary to mediation. “There is one God and one mediator, the man Christ Jesus.” Both parties, God and man, must be represented by him “in whom we have redemption.” We have again,

II. REDEMPTION IN ITS MODE: “through his blood.”

The mode of redemption is by means of the sufferings and death of Christ. Here we have the atonement. We remark, Christ’s blood

1. *Was voluntarily shed.* Christ in redemption sustains no constrained or necessitated relation to the world; hence the impotency of the infidel objection to the cruelty of the Father in making an innocent party suffer for the sins of the world. No law of the Father, and no obligation to the race of Adam compelled him to undertake the work of man’s redemption; if compelled to it by any law, it was the infinite, eternal law of his own free, spontaneous benevolence. The glory of redemption consists in the voluntary enlistment of Christ in humanity’s cause. “Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God.” “Therefore doth my Father love me,” said Jesus, “because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.” Christ’s blood

2. *Was vicariously shed.* Unlike the high-priest of the Jewish dispensation, who needed to make atonement for himself, as well as the people, Christ was “holy and harmless, and separate from sinners,” and, therefore, needed no atonement for himself. “He was wounded for our transgressions,” etc.; “God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” His blood

3. *Was propitiatorily shed.* The guilt of sin is expiated on the one hand and the favor of God propitiated on the other by the blood of Christ. “He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” His blood

4. *Was shed for the whole race.* The cross is the grand symbol in idea and design for man’s universal salvation. It is Heaven’s pledge that all may be saved through faith in the blood of its victim. “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so,” etc. “We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.” We have again,

III. REDEMPTION IN ITS BENEFITS: “the forgiveness of sins.”

The law satisfied by the sufferings and made honorable by the death of Christ, the sinner by repentance and faith toward God, passes from a condition of guilt to that of pardon. He that a moment before the forgiveness of his sins said, in the bitterness of his grief, “O wretched man that I am,” etc., joyfully after ex-

claims, "There is therefore now no more condemnation," etc. A regenerated soul alone knows what redemption is in its benefits—alone knows the precious meaning of those words of the text, "The forgiveness of sins." We have lastly,

IV. **REDEMPTION IN ITS FULLNESS:** "according to the riches of his grace."

Notice two things:

1. *Its freeness.* Redemption not only free, but "according to the riches of his grace." What mind can take in the comprehensiveness of the idea of freeness here? We shall not attempt it.

2. *Its extent.* "Riches of grace"—riches of God's free, unlimited, unobliged favor! (1.) In time. The high moral excellence it offers. Read Ephesians iii, 8, 16-20. (2.) In eternity—*everlasting life!* Well may Pollok sing:

"Redemption is the science and the song
Of all eternity: archangels day
And night into its glories look: the saints,
The elders around the throne, old in the years
Of heaven, examine it perpetually,
And every hour get clearer, ampler views
Of right and wrong, see virtue's beauty more,
And daily love with a more perfect love."

F. S. C.

GOD'S EMPIRE IN THE SOUL.—"The kingdom of God is within you." *Luke xvii, 21.*

Three thoughts are suggested by these significant words. 1. *That Christianity is a reigning power.* It is not a system of mere speculative thought, nor of ritualistic routine. It is a regal moral power. Its right place is the throne, and no where else—the throne in literature, science, law, commerce, and in every thing pertaining to this our mortal life. The words suggest: 2. *That Christianity is the reigning power of God.* It is called "The Kingdom of God." There are many reigning powers on earth. Paganism is a reigning power, Mohammedanism is a reigning power, carnality and selfishness are reigning powers; but they are not divine. They have no right to the scepter and the throne. Christianity is this and nothing else. All other powers are usurpers. The words suggest: Thirdly. *That Christianity is the reigning power of God in the soul.* It is "within you." God reigns over the material universe by force; over the vast systems of irrational life by instinct; over unfallen intelligences by moral truth; but over the human soul by *redemptive love.* It is *within*, not without; its throne is neither at Jerusalem nor at Rome, but in the soul. If Christianity is the reigning power of God within, we may fairly make the following deductions:

I. **THAT IT IS AN EMPIRE GREATLY DEPENDING UPON OUR SUFFRAGE.** The moral monarch of the soul is always the object *supremely* loved; and love is free evermore. Man after all, though a political slave, has a noble franchise. He has a vote, and he freely uses it as to the monarch that shall rule over the whole sphere of his being. Christ does not force his way into the soul; he does not coerce it into submission; he stands before the soul in all the charms of his sublime character, knocks at the door and asks for entrance. Another deduction is:

II. **THAT IT IS AN EMPIRE WHICH MUST EXERCISE CONTROL OVER THE ENTIRE LIFE.** "Out of the heart are the issues of life." All our actions and purposes

take their rise in the deep fountains of the soul. If then the entire soul is controlled by God, our outward life will be divinely good. The shekinah within will shed a halo on the life without. Another deduction is:

III. **THAT IT IS AN EMPIRE WHICH MUST INSURE SELF-HARMONY.** Where God reigns there is order. If he reigns over the soul, all its sympathies and passions will flow smoothly, all its faculties will play in concert. There may be, as in nature, occasional tempests; but they will be evanescent—the exception, not the rule. They will soon subside, and leave the inner realm more bright and peaceful than before. Where the God of love and peace, the "ever-blessed God," reigns, there must be happiness: gloom and misery are foreign to the religion of heaven. There is yet another deduction we may make:

IV. **THAT IT IS AN EMPIRE WHICH MUST INSURE BOTH THE SAFETY AND ADVANCEMENT OF THE SUBJECT.** The good king with loving assiduity values the lives and rights of his subjects and evermore seeks their elevation. Under God's reign the soul is safe—the gates of hell can not prevail against it.

Brother, who reigns over thee? "The prince of darkness" or "the God of light?" It must be one or the other. There are but two moral empires in the universe—the evil and the good. Art thou the subject of hell or heaven?

TUNING A LUTE.—"*Singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.*" *Coll. iii, 16.*

Gotthold one day happened to find a friend tuning his lute, which proved a work of some labor. This led him to say: The Christian may aptly be compared to such an instrument. A lute is made of common and soft timber, fashioned not itself, but by the hand of the workman. In like manner a Christian has no distinction above other men, save that he is fashioned by the hand of a merciful and gracious God. As a lute requires to be strung, and skillfully tuned and touched, so must the finger of God tune and touch the heart of the Christian. However beautiful a lute may be, it is easily put out of tune, and, therefore, needs continual care. And so does the heart of the Christian. Disattuned by the devil, the wicked world, and our own perverse will, it would sound harshly, did not the gracious hand of the Most High daily regulate and correct it.

If we labor to tune a lute, that its sound may not grate upon human ears, why do we not take equal pains to harmonize and regulate our thoughts, words, and works, that they may not offend the eyes and ears of the Most High? We hear at once if but a single string is out of tune; and yet we often neither mark nor care for the discord between our life and walk, and God's holy commandments. Men instantly tell us of the false note in our music; and let us also, my friend, admonish each other, when we perceive a flaw or discord in our Christianity.

Lord Jesus! tune, regulate, and mold my life, to make it consonant with thine. It is true that my strings are weak, and can not sustain so high a pitch as thy perfection. I console myself, however, with the thought that, as in this lute there are higher and lower clefs, so, among Christians, there are both the strong and the weak; and thou art satisfied with both, provided only they are not false.

Facts and Fictions.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—Some years ago I noticed an article, either in the National Magazine—then alive—or the Repository, upon the "Mysterious Faculties of the Soul." In it was set forth, if I remember rightly, the idea that the soul or spirit did, at times, in the case of some individuals, leave the body, and explore localities and scenes unknown before; and certain distinguished parties were named, who stated that they had found themselves in places with which they were familiar, though they had never been there. St. Paul tells us that, at a certain time, he could not tell whether he was "in the body or out of the body;" but one thing he did know, and that is, "he was caught up into paradise."

Many years ago, when but a youth, I remember a conversation I had with one of our oldest Methodist preachers, when this subject incidentally came up, then quite new to me.

The old preacher observed to me: "You recollect such a place, on such a road?" "Yes." "Well," said he, "I was driving along there with my buggy, when I at once found myself in a very beautiful and happy place, and when I again found myself in my normal condition, I had passed on to such a place"—probably somewhere about a mile; and he also observed that he found himself suffering considerably in body, as though there had something unusual happened him. It does not appear that he was entirely unconscious during this strange scene.

A singular circumstance once took place with myself, and I leave the reader to judge of the incidents and co-incidents. Some four years ago I left home in company with the preacher in charge of the circuit on which I lived, to go to the neighborhood of the parsonage to transact some business which I expected would detain me three or four days, or longer. On the second night, as I was sleeping at the parsonage, I dreamed that I was at home, and my wife was very ill from an attack of disease to which she was liable. I awoke somewhat distressed, but soon disposed of it as we generally do of dreams, and again fell asleep and dreamed the same thing, and awoke still more distressed; but, after lying awake some time, went off into sleep, and slept till morning, when I awoke, feeling disturbed and uncomfortable, and related my dream to my host, and observed to him, "If I were in the habit of paying any particular attention to dreams, I would go directly home, though not through with my business." I, however, finished my business, and got home by the middle of the afternoon the next day, when I found my wife in precisely the same condition I saw her in my sleep. She was in a very critical situation, and, had I gone home the next morning after my dream, I might, by care and attention, have prevented the difficulty gaining ground; but, as it was, she made a very narrow escape from death.

But there is still another singular circumstance connected with the whole affair. Our youngest child, a little boy of three years, lodged, that same night of my

dream, with his mother, and in the night he awoke from his sleep and asked his mother, "What man is that standing there?" pointing to the opposite side of the room. His ma, seeing no one, asked him, "What man?" "Why, that man standing there, with a paper in his hand;" and then, as though he had bethought himself, or made a discovery, said, "O, it is pa!" and turned over and went to sleep.

These are the facts. And there are three things noticeable, which I will name, without commenting or giving an opinion: 1. In my dream I was at home on a certain night, though twenty five miles off; 2. That very night I saw my wife in my dream she was actually taken sick; 3. Our little boy saw me in the room there, as near as I can judge, about the same time of my dream.

J. C.

INTRODUCTION OF POTATOES INTO ENGLAND.—In "Taylor's Goose" by the famous Water Poet, near the end, are these curious lines:

"So blackberries, that grow on every bryer,
Because th' are plenty, few men doe desire;
Spanish potatoes are accounted dainty,
And English Parsneps are course meate, though plenty:
But if these Berryes or those Rootes were scant,
They would be thought as rare, though little wont
That we should eate them, and a price allow,
As much as Strawberryes, and Potatoes now."

Potatoes are said to have been introduced by Raleigh about 1588, but not to have been grown in England, except as curiosities, till many years after, when an Irish vessel, having some on board, was wrecked on the coast of Lancashire. Gerard mentions them in his *Herbal* as curiosities about 1590. Taylor's *Goose* was first printed 1621. Potatoes are mentioned by Shakespeare, and other writers of the time. Is it possible the English imported them from Spain at that period, instead of growing them themselves?

SOW AND PIGS OF METAL.—The derivation of these words, as applied to masses of metal, is uncertain. I therefore send the following suggestion, and shall be glad of the assistance of your readers in its elucidation.

The fused metal from a blast furnace is run into a straight gutter, slightly inclined, having a number of short parallel gutters, running at right angles to the main one, on one side; the first is called the "runner" or "sow," and the latter the "pigs." The whole casting forms something like a large comb; the back of the comb being the "runner" or "sow," while the teeth represent the "pigs." The term "sow" was originally used, which, I believe, means a run or runner; that is, as much metal as was run at one melting, and forming one mass. "Sows," in the plural, is written "sowze," in the preface to Lambard's *Peregrination*, ed. 1596. See Halliwell's *Archaic Words*. When the quantity of metal increased, and it became inconvenient from its size, the side gutters were added, and the term "pigs" was humorously given as proceeding from the "sow."

That the latter word means a run, or running, I infer from its being applied to rivers, and to an open-running sewer.

There are two rivers in England called the "Sow." One, in Staffordshire, runs by Stafford; the other, in Warwickshire, runs near Coventry. In Ireland, also, there is a river "Sow;" and in that amusing work, *Life Among the Colliers*, the scene of which is apparently laid in Yorkshire, "a foul open sewer, running sluggishly down the street," is called a "sow." The word "sough," pronounced "suff," a term for a drain, prevalent in the midland counties, is, no doubt, derived from the same source. Can any of your correspondents inform me the exact etymological meaning of the word "sow," as applied to rivers and open-running sewers?

C. T.

THE WORD "sow," the name given to the gutter into which the fused metal is run from a blast furnace, may probably derive thus: Sanscrit (root), *su*, *sava*, water; old German, *su* (Latin, *succus*), moisture; Gael, *edgh*, a wave, in connection with which latter may be taken Ir. *sogh*, signifying tranquil. The rivers Sow in England possess this characteristic; as also the Suck, a tributary of the Shannon, and the Suire, in Ireland. The word, as a probable etymon, and its apparent meaning of "still river," may be traced in the river names of various countries in Europe. Allowing for differences in language, it may, in Germany, be detected in the Save or Sau, and in the Söve which empties itself into the Elbe; the Save, which enters the Garonne, and the Sevre, in France; the Savio, the Sieve, and the Sazona, in Italy; the Seva, in Russia; and in cognate names of rivers in other countries. This conjectural derivation, being supported by the fact that "sough" is still in use in England to designate sluggish water, may possibly aid C. T. in the elucidation of the word "Sow" as a river name.

J. HOGGE DUFFY.

Eng. Notes and Queries.

CHESS LEGEND.—It is said of the man who invented chess, that when he showed the game to the king he was asked to name his reward. He said all he asked was to be given a grain of wheat for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on, doubling on each square. The calculation was made how much he was to receive, and it is said that it amounts to more wheat than the whole world has produced since Adam. There are fifty million square miles in the world. Can any of your readers tell me the average number of ears of wheat there are in an acre? I believe there are about twenty-five grains in an ear.

P. R. O.

MESS.—Is not this word derived from the Italian *commesso*, any person who boards with another? Corman and Manni's Dictionary gives this explanation: "*Commesso*, Pensionnaire, celui qui paie pension pour être nourri." The word is chiefly used by seamen, and probably brought by them from the Mediterranean, as many other sea terms have been. Thus, "Avast, avast!" is the Italian *Basta, basta!* "Enough, enough!"

A. A.

"AND YOUR PETITIONER SHALL EVER PRAY," ETC.—A correspondent of the English Notes and Queries shows the conclusion of this phrase to have been "for your Majesty's most prosperous reign." It has often

been asked why this phrase should be also appended to petitions to the House of Commons, though applicable enough to those addressed to a monarch. In the *Proceedings in the County of Kent*, published by the Camden Society, a most interesting volume, containing a great many petitions to the House of Commons against the Episcopal clergy—some of which are absurd enough—we find, in several cases, the termination is for "the prosperous success of this high and honourable Court of Parliament." At about what period was this termination disused, and the abbreviated form adopted—or is it still continued at length in the engrossed documents actually presented to the House?

CHARLESTON MEMORANDA.—A correspondent of the English Notes and Queries gives the following items concerning Charleston and its vicinity, which he noted down eleven years ago. They will be read with interest at the present time:

About three miles from Charleston, on the banks of the Etiwan or Cooper River, is an old but now unused magazine. Hard by, shaded by lofty pines, and other forest trees, lies the old cemetery; no fence or boundary line now marks the hallowed precincts. A few broken and crumbling tombstones, their inscriptions scarcely legible, alone point out the resting-place of the departed. One tomb, and that the largest, contains the remains of some British officers. There is no inscription. The oldest memorial at present legible is the following: "Here lies the remains of Mr. Artemes Elliott, who died Aug. 24, 1700, æt. 40 years." (As the city was founded in 1672, this must have been one of the early settlers there.) Another, of white marble, has the following: "To the memory of Capt. Robt. Cochran, who departed this life Janry. 12, 1824. Aged 88 years. As a true patriot, he served his country with zeal and fidelity. Also of Mary, his wife, who died April 17, 1829, in the 91st year of her age."

About six miles from Charleston is the parish church of St. James the Less, one of the oldest churches in this part of the country. In front of the gallery at the west end the royal arms of England still remain. It is said that, at the time of the breaking out of the war, the royalists, finding the royal arms in the church, refrained from injuring or destroying it, and that afterward, when peace was restored, the inhabitants, in grateful remembrance of the preservation of their church, retained the royal arms in their accustomed place. It is the only church, I believe, in any State, where such a memorial of the colonial days now remains.

RABBIT.—When a joiner makes a sinking in a piece of wood, he calls it "a rabbit," and the plane he forms it with "a rabbit-plane." Some have supposed this word to be "rebate," not a very intelligible derivation. It is much more probably taken from the French *rabôte*, a plane. Is it possible that rabbit may mean the animal which makes rabbets or sinkings in the earth? In some countries their holes are called "rabbit stops." The rabbit-plane has a shifting piece of wood by its side, which is called a "stop."

PIRON'S EPITAPH.—Piron wished to become a member of the French Academy, and failing, revenged himself by writing an epitaph, which may be translated thus:

"Here lies Piron, who held no position,
Not even that of Academician."

Discarded for Children.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS—GRIP, PINCHER, AND TRUMP.—Grip, Pincher, and Trump were, in some respects, three terrible rogues. They were very good-tempered dogs, very clever, and such capital watch-dogs that no one could come near their master's house and grounds in the night or the day without their giving notice that a stranger was near. They were very affectionate and fond of their owner, his sons, and his servants; but for all that they were great rogues—that is, they would take that which did not belong to them, scratch great holes in the garden, bark at every body, snap up the young chickens, run away with all sorts of things and bite them to pieces, kill every cat they could find except that belonging to their own house, and it was only because they had been well flogged that they did not worry sheep.

Grip was a sharp-looking, grizzled Scotch terrier; Pincher was an English terrier, all white except a brown patch over one eye, which gave him a very sly, droll look, which he increased by holding his head on one side; Trump was a daring, heedless red spaniel. Perhaps their mothers had not taken care of them when they were young, for they had been accustomed to run about the village with the butcher's and the tinker's dog, especially the last, from whom they learned a great many very bad tricks.

Sometimes all three walked out with their masters, when Grip and Pincher were tolerably obedient; but Trump never would mind what was said to him if he did not like it, and therefore when called away from doing mischief pretended to be deaf, for which one day he was so severely beaten that he could scarcely move; but the foot-boy, who loved him very much, took him up to his own bed and slept with him in his arms, which of course prevented the dog from feeling how naughtily he had behaved. Grip was often caught stealing round to the kitchen when dinner was preparing and putting his nose into the dishes to lap up the gravy, or to run away with a nice bit between his teeth. As for Pincher he was never caught doing any thing wrong at home, but it was said that more than once he had contrived to get into the houses of the poor neighbors and run off with a great piece of pork in his mouth.

As so many of the bad parts of the dogs' characters have been told one of their strangely good qualities must be related. They always knew when it was Sunday; and when they saw the people of their house put on their hats or bonnets to go to Church they walked with them a distance of a mile in the steadiest manner possible, left them at the church door, returned home, lay down quietly, and at the proper time met their friends as they returned.

They were capital romps, these same rogues, and were very clever in carrying things in their mouths. Grip thus conveyed the dinner of one of his young masters to his school, a distance of two miles, and all by himself, which proved that the poor dog knew what was right sometimes. Trump, whenever any one came to see his mistress, took the opportunity of being unobserved and jumped upon the tables and ran off with some precious thing in his mouth, merely for the fun of being run after and making a disturbance when his lady had company. All three killed rats and mice, and Grip was known to take away the life of twelve rats in ten minutes, although the second rat fastened on his ear and hung there till he had dispatched the rest, when he shook it off, gave it a nip on the back of its neck, and flung it over his head.

After a year passed in this sort of way it was observed that every fine night these three dogs went out of the yard together, staid away some time, and regularly returned to the outhouse where they usually slept. No one knew where they went or what they did when absent, and it was only by accident discovered that they went at all. Inquiries were

made of the people in the neighborhood, and then it appeared that they had been often seen by the working people in different directions, always together; at times in the lanes, at others crossing the common, and passing by the persons whom they met with a serious and innocent look, as if they were merely taking a walk for pleasure.

One morning, however, Grip and Pincher were the only two at home, and even they did not come to their master's breakfast table. They were looked for, and found fast asleep in their outhouse, their mouths torn and one of Pincher's feet bloody. There was not the least sign of Trump any where. Their wounds were washed, the torn foot bandaged up, and some food placed before them. They, however, refused to eat, and went to sleep again. After a short time they got up, and as they crossed the yard were observed to stop and listen. Men listened also, and faint cries, like those of a dog in distress, were heard at a distance.

"You may be sure that is Trump," said one of the servants, and told his young master.

"Pretend not to notice them," said the latter, "but let us watch the dogs well; if they think they are not seen they will go after him and we will follow at a distance."

In about half an hour the dogs slipped off and the young gentlemen after them, taking care not to suffer themselves to be seen. They had not gone very far before the cries quite ceased, but Grip and Pincher went on, only looking back occasionally to see if they were followed. At last they reached a turnip-field and ran straight to the middle of it, where they stopped, and appeared to be much surprised and puzzled. Their masters then came up, and they went humbly to them, lay down at their feet, wagged their tails, and whined as if they were ashamed to ask and yet wanted something to be done for them. The tops of the turnips were much trodden down, and a broken piece of wire showed that a trap had been set there to catch foxes.

"You may depend on it that Trump has been caught in this trap," said one of the young men, "and when the cries stopped he was taken away, for here are the marks of men's feet; we will follow the track which they have left and see what has become of him."

They said, "Seek him!" to Grip and Pincher. The dogs then started off before them, their noses close to the ground, ran through the rest of the field, crossed several others, and went along a road till they came to a gate of a farm-yard. Here they stood still, and looked very meekly in their masters' faces.

There a shocking sight was before their eyes; no less than the farmer carrying Trump across the yard with a rope round his neck and going to hang him on the bough of a tree. In another minute he would have been dead, but his masters called out as loudly as they could,

"Stop! stop! Mr. Pung. Pray, farmer, stop; that is our dog;" and leaping over the gate they ran to the spot. The farmer touched his hat, and said,

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I did not know it was your dog. He and two or three more come almost every night into my fields and take my rabbits; but what is more they have been often into my yard and taken my ducks and chickens; now and then a dropped feather marked the path they had followed, so we set some traps for them, supposing they were foxes. This morning I and my man were quite surprised to find we had caught a well-bred dog, and by the marks of their feet there is no doubt his companions had tried to set him free, and that proved to us he was not there by accident. One of my boys now tells me he has often met this rascal and two terriers close to the yard." This accounted for the torn mouths and paw, and it may be supposed how Grip and Pincher trembled while the farmer was speaking.

The young gentlemen offered to pay the farmer for all the

mischievous mischief that had been done, and promised to shut the dogs up in future; but the farmer refused the money, and said he thought it would be a good plan to flog them all three on the very spot where they had done the most harm. Their masters agreed, and going to the gate brought in the two shaking rogues. The farmer fetched a whip and made them all three feel it well, the young gentlemen all the time calling out Mr. Pung's name. At last the punishment was over, and the dogs crawled home through the lanes and by-places, not liking to be seen by their friends. When they reached their outhouse, they threw themselves upon their bed in a sore and miserable condition. As soon as they could speak to each other for pain and crying, they said it was all owing to that wicked dog who stole the sheep, who had come a stranger to the village, tempted them out at night, and taught them to do such wrong things. They were very sorry that they had been persuaded to follow his example, and they made good resolutions never to do so any more.

All that day they were kept without food, and were only allowed a little water to drink. At night the door of their sleeping-place was closed upon them, and no one was allowed to notice them, not even the foot-boy. By degrees, their good and humble conduct obtained their forgiveness, and they then rambled about the village very steadily, kept at home at night, and when they walked out with their masters remained close to their sides. Even Trump was cured of his old trick of running away. They were at last reckoned the best dogs in the whole place; but as long as they lived, they could never bear to hear the farmer's name, and down went their heads and tails whenever their master said,

"Good farmer Pung
Will have you hung."

LITTLE ALICE, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.—Ten years ago, one day in August, there came an immortal into the small, scantily-furnished home of a Western missionary. A bright and beautiful spirit she was, and a most joyful welcome did she receive from the loving hearts to whom she was sent. Like the babe Jesus she was cradled in the arms of a mother, and while she received the care and attention her infancy required, she repaid it by her smiles, and her affection, and all her pretty baby ways. Like Samuel she was devoted to God, and like him she heard his voice when he called to her. Alice was the name her parents gave her. But this was often softened into the tenderer Allie. She was always a conscientious child, but when she was six years old she became still more so. She read her Bible with great interest, and prayed fervently for herself that she might live a pure and holy life. She was very forgiving and pitiful, and every living thing received her gentle sympathy.

Early in the Autumn of 1858 Alice was attacked by typhoid fever. She suffered severely, yet patiently. Oftentimes she was delirious, and would imagine she was away from home, and urged to stay, while her mother was unwilling she should, and she was trying to do what her mother would approve.

Soon after Alice became ill she began to wish she was in heaven, and God listened to the desire of her heart. One Friday evening, after she had been for more than three weeks struggling with the fever, she said to her mother:

"Ma, if I die, I want to be laid by pa."

Her father had gone before her to heaven, and she wanted even in the grave to nestle by his side.

Her mother did all she could for her comfort, but thinking Alice might desire something of which she had not thought, she once said to her,

"Any thing more, dear Allie?"

"No, ma; only my prayers."

"Do you pray, Allie?"

"Yes, ma," she replied, "I pray a great deal."

On Saturday morning it was evident that the dear child was much worse, and during the following night her eyes never closed in sleep. At intervals, while thus suffering, went up "wearily and earnestly" her petitions for relief.

"O Lord, have mercy upon me for Christ's sake." "O Lord, take me to heaven for Christ's sake." "O Christ, my Savior, take me to heaven to-night; please do." "O, do forgive my sins, and take me now."

Little did the sleepless mother think her child's prayer would so soon be answered, but as morning dawned it became obvious that the time of her departure drew near. She inquired,

"What day is it?" and when she was told

"It is Sunday," she uttered the prayer:

"O Lord, please take me to heaven this very day, for Christ's sake."

Alice's physician, accompanied by another, called early. They found her perfectly conscious and perfectly calm. She noticed every thing that occurred. She begged her sisters not to weep for her, and, as if to comfort them, said:

"I am not dying yet."

She looked at her little hands in which the blood was already ceasing to circulate, and then, as if suddenly conscious that death was near, she turned her eyes to her mother, and extending her hand, said:

"Good-by, ma."

And then she moved it tremulously along to her older sister, saying:

"Good-by, Cynthia."

And again to the younger:

"Good-by, Delia."

Alice had said frequently, during her illness, that she was not afraid to die, and now her mother tenderly asked:

"Alice, dear, are you afraid to die?"

"No, ma, not afraid," was her reply; and turning to her sister she said,

"Do n't cry. I had a great deal rather die than live."

"Alice, is all peace?"

"Yes, I want to die and go to heaven."

By and by she complained of cramp. Her mother said to her,

"It is not cramp, but death."

Fixing her bright eyes on her mother, she exclaimed,

"O good! I want to die."

Occasionally she would say, referring to Christ,

"Why do n't he come?"

And at other times, referring to the angels,

"Why do n't they come?"

When Alice's sight became dim she said to her mother,

"I can't see distinctly, but I can hear all."

And the mother again inquired,

"Are you willing to die?"

"Yes, I want to die and go to heaven."

"Want to go from ma and sisters?"

"I do n't want to leave you, but I have seen so much to make me feel badly, I want to go where I shall not have to suffer any more."

"Ma, you, and Cynthia, and Delia, will come soon, won't you?"

"O, do stop! it pains me," she exclaimed to her weeping sisters, and then turning to her mother she asked,

"Ma, is it night here?"

"No, dearest."

"It is dark to me, but it will be all light there."

A few more short breaths, and then the words, faintly uttered, "Not afraid," and Alice was with the angels.

Many tears fell when she was dying "from eyes unused to weep," for Alice was a general favorite in the village, but to no heart did her death bring such loneliness as to the one on which her baby head was pillowed.

"Strange it may seem," that mother writes, "but I can not wish her back to suffer another Winter's privation, and yet, at the same time, I feel very deeply her loss."

I have known something of the privations of the families of many of our home missionaries. I can understand why the mother does not wish the beloved one again exposed to them. She is a widow, and poor, and she knows it is a blessing to her child to escape from the sorrows and sufferings of this life, and to be at rest in the arms of Him who loves little children.

Alice's school Testament is one of her mother's treasures, as it evidently was one of hers. On the fly-leaf is written, "O, this sweet book! how could we get along without it? If we do not love, let us learn to love, so we may love it."

"It is a good book. It teaches how to follow God and love him, which we should do at all times."

"O, how we ought to love this precious book! It teaches us how to get to heaven, which we should try to do ourselves at all times."

These sentences were written at different times, but Alice's mother never saw them till her child had

"Gone where the withering hand of Death shall never touch her more,
Up to the clime of sinless souls, a golden harp to bear,
And join the everlasting song of singing children there."

ANNA HOPE.

WHAT IS EXPECTED UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES.—The little daughter of Philip Doddridge was once catechising a favorite lap-dog: "Do you know," said she, "who made you?"

The unconscious quadruped answered with a stupid stare. "O! shame upon you," resumed the questioner, "you Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you!"

RIDDLES FOR THE MONTH.—

I.

I'm strangely capricious, I'm sour, I'm sweet,
To housewives am useful, to children a treat;
Yet I freely confess I more mischief have done
Than any thing else that is under the sun.

II.

I've seen you where you never were,
And where you ne'er will be;

And yet within that very place
You can be seen by me.

CHARADES FOR THE MONTH.—

I.

Cut off my head, how singular I am;
Cut off my tail, how plural I appear.
What is my head cut off? the sounding sea—
What is my tail cut off? a flowing river.
Within the mingling deep I sportive play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mate forever!

II.

My first is a lie; my second is a lie; my whole is the emblem of innocence.

REBUSES FOR THE MONTH.—

I.

A kind of crown much used of old,
My name most surely will unfold;
Read back or forward still the same;
Now surely you'll find out my name.

II.

A consonant add to a dignified Jew,
A wild little quadruped rises to view.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.—Some of our little friends are good "guessers." J. L. I. and J. B. give solutions of No. 1, namely, the "letter H." Quite a number fail on No. 2, so we must ask them to try again. K. M. C., J. L. I., M. P., and K. K.—all tell us that the answer to No. 3 is "foot-stool." Some others miss it.

Inside Glarings.

A VOLUME FOR YOUNG LADIES.—We say a "volume," because these brief paragraphs embody a volume of suggestive truth. Young ladies, read them:

What a number of idle, useless young women—they call themselves young ladies—parade our street! "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them." Do they ever look forward to the time when the real cares and responsibilities of life will cluster around them? Have they made, or are they making, any preparation for the onerous duties which will assuredly fall to their lot—duties to society, the world, and God? They lounge or sleep away their time in the morning. They never take hold of the drudgery, the repulsive toil, which each son and daughter of Adam should perform in this world. They know nothing of domestic duties. They have no habits of industry, no taste for the useful, no skill in any really-useful art. They are in the streets, not in the performance of their duty, or for the acquisition of health, but to see and be seen. They expect thus to pick up a husband who will promise to be as indulgent as their parents have been, and support them in idleness. They who sow to the wind in this way, are sure to reap the whirlwind. No life can be exempt from cares. How mistaken an education do these girls receive who are allowed to imagine that life is always to be a garden of roses! Labor is the great law of our being. How worthless will she prove who is unable to perform it!

It has been observed, that "by far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in the domestic relations, and most of these depend on the home habits of the wife and mother." What a mistake is then made by our young girls, and their parents, when domestic education is unattended to! Our daughters should be taught, *practically*, to bake, to cook, to arrange the table, to wash and iron, to sweep, and to do every thing that pertains to the order and comfort of the

household. Domesticity may be necessary, but they are a necessary evil; and the best "help" a woman can have is *herself*. If her husband is ever so rich, the time may come when skill in domestic arrangements will secure to her a comfort which no domestic can procure. Even if she is never called to labor for herself, she should, at least, know how things ought to be done, so that she can not be cheated by her servants.

Domestic Education can not be acquired in the streets. It can not be learned amid the frivolities of modern society. A good, and worthy, and comfort-bringing husband can rarely be picked up on the pavement:

"A nymph, who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap for all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare."

The highest and best interests of society in the future demand a better, a more useful, a more domestic training of our young ladies.

THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD.—The following eloquent and beautiful extract is from the "Village Graveyard," written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, of Boston:

I never shun a graveyard; the thoughtful melancholy which it impresses is grateful rather than disagreeable to me; it gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon; and often I wander from choice to a place where there is neither solitude nor society; something human is there; but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the pride of humanity, are all gone; men are there, but the passions are hushed, and their spirits are still; malevolence has lost its power of harming, ambition is low, appetite is satiated; anger has done raving; all disputes are ended; all revelry is over; the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and

the most dangerous sins are safely confined by the thickly-piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God.

A LESSON IN ENGLISH WORDS.—Pitman's Phonographic Magazine has the following hit at some striking peculiarities in the use of words in the English language. It is not bad:

A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See, what a *flock* of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a *flock* of ships is called a *fleet*, and that a *fleet* of sheep is called a *flock*.

And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a *flock* of girls is called a *bevy*, that a *bevy* of wolves is called a *pack*, and a *pack* of thieves is called a *gang*, and a *gang* of angels is called a *host*, and a *host* of porpoises is called a *shoal*, and a *shoal* of buffaloes is called a *herd*, and a *herd* of children is called a *troop*, and a *troop* of partridges is called a *covey*, and a *covey* of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a *galaxy* of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a *horde* of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a *heap* of oxen is called a *drove*, and a *drove* of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a *mob* of whales is called a *school*, and a *school* of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a *congregation* of engineers is called a *corps*, and a *corps* of robbers is called a *band*, and a *band* of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a *swarm* of people is called a *crowd*, and a *crowd* of gentlefolks is called the *élite*, and the *élite* of the city's thieves and rascals are called the *roughs*, and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the *community* or the *public*, according as they are spoken of by the religious *community* or secular *public*.

A MOTHER'S CUP OF AGONY.—The following story possesses a thrilling moral. Let the thoughtless and wayward children of loving and devoted mothers read the story, and study the moral:

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a friend's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly afflictions. Each had her story of peculiar trials and bereavements to relate, except one pale, sad-looking woman, whose lusterless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said, in a hollow voice:

"Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said a kind lady who knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married, at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly-head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those fierce storms, so common in southern climates, came on. For many hours the rain poured incessantly. Morning dawned; still the elements raved. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my little babe, to reach a little spot on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but that was not trouble. Presently my sons saw their danger—the struggle for life became their only consideration. They were brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only a mother can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing with each other, and their little island grew less and less. The sullen river raged around the huge

trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, and masses of rubbish all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, and then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you mothers can not imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish—and yet that was not trouble. I hugged my little babe to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till an all-powerful Hand staid the waves, that they should come no further. All my worldly possessions were swept away—all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble. My babe was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but, as he grew older, evil companions won him from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels, he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the purpose of evil—and at last, when heated by wine, one night, he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his life on the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup before, but now it had run over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from ever experiencing."

There were no dry eyes among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

LIFE'S SECOND MORNING.—We have met with few more beautiful lines than the following, from the pen of Mrs. Barbauld. The poet Rogers, in his later years, was accustomed to repeat them with great pathos. They were written by Mrs. Barbauld in her old age:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night; but in some happier clime
Bid me good-morning."

A PRACTICAL HINT TO PARENTS.—We commend the practical wisdom of the parent mentioned in the following incident to the consideration of parents generally. We have known scholars ruined, who might have been saved, and prepared for a useful and honorable career by some such discipline as this—extreme as it seems to be. The great point is to train children into an *ability* to act, and also to give them habits of self-reliance:

A young man, whose father was in easy circumstances, was desirous of learning the printing business; his father consented, on condition that the son should board at home, and pay weekly for his board out of the avails of his special perquisites during his apprenticeship. The young man thought this rather hard, but when he was of age, and master of his trade, his father said, "Here, my son, is the money paid to me for board during your apprenticeship. I never intended to keep it, but have retained it for your use, and with it I give you as much more as will enable you to commence your business."

The wisdom of the old man was now apparent to the son, for while his fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites, and were now penniless, and in vice, he was enabled to commence business respectably; and he now stands at the head of publishers in this country, while most of his former companions are poor, vicious, and degraded.

TRUE GLORY.—Pliny was one of Rome's gentlest characters, and his writings are monuments of his untiring industry and genius. Here is one of his sentiments:

True glory consists of what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for your having lived in it.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Works.

METHODIST D. D.'s.—The following divines of the Methodist Episcopal Church have this year been inaugurated Doctors of Divinity by the institution named: Charles B. Tippet, of East Baltimore Conference, and W. F. Warren, of Bremen, Germany, by Ohio Wesleyan University; Adam Poe, of North Ohio Conference, and Book Agent at Cincinnati, and John A. Reubelt, at present assisting Dr. Nast, on his Commentary, by Baldwin University; Thompson Mitchell, of East Baltimore Conference, by Iowa Wesleyan University; Glenzen Fillmore, of Genesee Conference, by Genesee College; John A. Gere, of East Baltimore Conference, by Indiana Asbury University; Thomas Sewall, of Baltimore Conference, and William Cooper, of Philadelphia Conference, by Dickinson College; Frank Moore, of Philadelphia Conference, by Alleghany College; John Lanahan, of Baltimore Conference, by Wesleyan University; I. C. Pershing, of Pittsburg Conference, by Jefferson College, Penn.; and Chauncey Hobart, of Minnesota Conference, by Galesville College, Wisconsin. The degree of LL. D. was also conferred upon Rev. Frederick Merrick, President of Ohio Wesleyan University, by Galesburg University, Illinois.

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.—From the beginning of the Rebellion, Mr. Lossing has carefully treasured up every thing pertaining to it—Documentary, Pictorial, and Narrative—with the intention of preparing, as soon as practicable, an elaborate illustrated record of the events—Historical, Biographical, Military, Naval, Topographical, Political, and Social. He will endeavor to give such illustrations of men and things as shall recommend it as a standard work on its great subject for all future time. To do this, he visits every place of interest, makes sketches, notes facts, and avails himself of the fruits of the pens and pencils of others, so far as permitted. The general plan of his work will be like that of his Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. It will be issued in about Thirty Parts, of forty-eight pages each, at Twenty-five Cents a Part, and will be elegantly illustrated by upward of One Thousand Wood Engravings, by Lossing and Barritt. In addition to the Wood Engravings, each Part will contain a fine Steel Engraving, representing an accurate portrait, or some appropriate historical scene, making thirty Steel Plates in the volume. Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, the publisher of Parson Brownlow's book, is to be the publisher.

DEATH OF DR. BRIGHAM.—A very deep and general sorrow will be felt throughout the Church in this country at hearing of the death of Rev. J. C. Brigham, D. D., long the senior Secretary of the American Bible Society. Dr. Brigham was a native of New Marlboro, Berkshire county, Mass., and graduated at Williams College in 1819. He studied theology at Andover, after which he spent three years in South America, in the work of missionary exploration and Bible distribution. He came to New York in 1825, and became connected with the Bible Society, whose affairs for over

thirty years he has conducted with a zeal, and wisdom, and prudence, that have helped greatly to give it its present high position and its great usefulness. A few months ago his health began to fail, and he has at last fallen asleep in his 69th year.

BAPTIST STATISTICS.—The Baptist Almanac for 1863 is out in good season. Besides the common almanac tables, it contains the annual register of Baptist colleges, periodicals, and membership in each of the States. So much of these as relates to the Southern States is rather imperfect, owing to national troubles. It sums up the total of Regular Baptists in the United States as follows: Associations, 588; churches, 12,648; ordained ministers, 8,018; members, 1,037,576. In the British Provinces and the West India Islands are 18 associations, 714 churches, 463 ministers, and 71,767 members. Other denominations that practice immersion are computed as follows: Anti-Mission Baptists, 60,000; Free-Will Baptists, 58,055; Six-Principle Baptists, 3,000; Seventh-Day Baptists, 6,686; Winebre-narians, 14,000; Campbellites, 350,000; Tunkers, 8,200.

REVIVAL IN WALES.—Rev. Mr. Veur, of the English Establishment, estimates the clear increase to the various orthodox religious bodies in the Principality, during the recent revival, at not less than one hundred thousand, or about one-twentieth of the whole population, while the defections from professions are not greater than in ordinary seasons.

ENGLISH UNITARIANS.—The following statistics are taken from the Unitarian Almanac, for 1862: The list of ministers having charge of congregations numbers 262; ministers not settled, 58; chapels, 299; number of different hymn-books used in the Unitarian churches, 17; liturgies, 11. The periodicals connected with the denominations are two weeklies, three monthlies—including one Welsh magazine—and one Sunday school publication.

SCOTTISH HOMES.—We have often heard of the narrow streets of Edinburgh, and the houses of eight or ten stories, in which human beings herd by the score. But we never imagined that Scotchmen could pack themselves more closely within brick and stone walls than their Celtic cousins in the Emerald Isle. But the recent census indicates that Ireland must yield the palm to Scotland in this particular: There are 666,786 families in Scotland; of these 7,964, or more than one per cent., lived last year in a single room, without any window; 226,723 families lived in one room each, with one or more windows, but often a mere apology for a window. Thus thirty-five per cent. of all the families in Scotland, or more than one-third, live in one room. Thirty-seven per cent. live in two rooms, leaving only twenty-eight per cent. living in houses with three or more rooms. Of families thus living in one room 34,948 consisted of four persons in each, and 6,212 of eight in each! In Glasgow, the largest city in Scotland, only one-fourth of the families have as

many as three rooms each to live in. The worst effect of this aggregation, leaving out of view the moral effect, is the dreadful devastation which epidemics and contagious diseases make when once they begin to sweep through a community.

REMARKABLE SALT WELL.—One of the most extraordinary salt wells on record, perhaps, is that now being operated at Wellsville, Columbiana county, Ohio. The well was sunk in anticipation of finding oil, but, when at a depth of four hundred and eighty feet, the borers struck a vein of gas, which burst forth with such violence as to eject all the tools used in boring, together with two hundred feet of pipe which had been previously introduced. The boring had developed a very strong vein of salt water, and the gas continued to spout the whole column of salt and fresh water furnished by the well, to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, for six months. The idea of manufacturing salt was then conceived, and after the necessary pans, tanks, etc., were put up, the work was commenced. The gas was brought in pipes from the gasometer and introduced into the furnace in various jets, which, being ignited, perform the whole office of evaporation without any other fuel. The furnace glows with an intense heat, and the flames issue from the top of the chimney. The salt water flows at the rate of about six gallons per minute, and there is more than sufficient gas to evaporate the whole. It yields about a barrel of salt per hour. The gas furnishes a pressure of one hundred and eighty-six pounds to the square inch, which is eighty or ninety pounds per inch more than is usually allowed in running a locomotive engine.

LAKE DRAINED FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.—Lake Halloula, in Algeria, covering 4,500 acres, has been drained, and the bottom, which is to be devoted to agriculture, is found to be covered by a deep and immensely-fertile deposit, similar to the Nile mud. Apprehensions were felt that the putrefaction of the vast numbers of fish, left to perish by the drainage of this sheet of water, would breed disease, but immense flocks of vultures swarmed upon the bottom as the water flowed off, and devoured them all.

INDIA COTTON.—A recent mail from India brought the announcement that over one hundred thousand bales of cotton had reached Bombay *en route* for England. The news will be gladly welcomed, not only for the immediate, but the more remote relief which will thereby be afforded, and as showing that only the temptation of a pretty high price is needed to get cotton from the heart of Hindoostan. The peninsula undoubtedly has the capacity to produce as much cotton as not England alone, but all the world will require, if due encouragement be given to its cultivation and facilities be afforded for transporting it to the sea-ports.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—The London Athenæum says, Sir Henry Rawlinson has now decided that the payment of Tribute to Tiglath Pileser, in the eighth year of his reign, was made in the year B. C. 737, one year only later than had been suggested, thus confirming the correctness of the Canon of Demetrius, as opposed in fact to that of Ptolemy. This opinion of Mr. Rawlinson, if found correct, will involve some import-

ant consequences in relation to Biblical chronology, as generally received. It would lead to the conclusion that the first year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar was B. C. 583; that in the eighteenth year of that king's reign, B. C. 564, [the commonly-received chronology makes it B. C. 606,] the city of Jerusalem was destroyed, and that after lying destroyed for seventy years, the temple was rebuilt in the second year of Darius son of Hystaspes, in his second year as king of Assyria, so styled by Ezra vi, 22, or as counted from the time when he was set over the realm of Chaldea, being about threescore and two years, in B. C. 493-2.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.—An edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets has been reproduced in fac simile, by the new process of photozincography, from the original in the library at Bridgewater House.

ISSUE OF BOOKS IN GERMANY.—In the year 1860, 9,496 books were published in Germany; in 1861, 9,398. Of these, 1,392 related to theology; 936 to jurisprudence; 908 to belles-letters; 618 to history; 838 to education; 512 to natural science; 449 to the fine arts, and 436 to medicine.

LINDLEY MURRAY.—This great grammarian was an American by birth—having been born in the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1745. He studied law in New York city, and was admitted to the bar in 1767. He afterward went to England, where he lived some forty odd years, and died in the year 1826, in a village in Yorkshire. His grammar was first published in 1795.

MARRIAGE OF A PRIEST.—A correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano*, writing from Bologna, announces the marriage of a priest named Antonio Giovanetti, with a lady named Dominica Capaucci.

POPULATION OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The population of the Sandwich Islands has dwindled to 67,000, from 150,000 in 1823. Disease is carrying off the inhabitants by the thousand.

WARDING OFF OLD AGE AND DEATH.—An Italian physician proposes to counteract the effect of age by the administration of *oxalic acid*, with a view to remove the earthy salts in the system; advocates are still to be found for the *transfusion of blood* from young to old, for the same purpose; and an Englishman, professing to be a physician, has, within the last year, asserted that *frequent small bleedings* will ward off old age almost forever. So says Day, in his "Treatise on the Diseases of Advanced Life;" but he says also, "It seems as if the earnest desire for life diminished in almost the same proportion as its possession was withdrawn. It is seldom that old persons regard death with feelings of terror. I can not call to mind a single instance in which, as far as my own experience extends, a dying person, of the age of eighty or upward, has not looked forward to death with pleasure rather than with fear."

REV. OLIVER M. SPENCER.—This gentleman, we are pleased to learn, has been elected President of the Iowa State University. He had for two years occupied the chair of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in that institution.

Literary Notices.

(1.) *GATHERED GEMS, Prose and Poetical, Selected and Original.* By Rev. S. G. Lathrop, of the Rock River Conference, with an Introduction by Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D. 12mo. 408 pp. \$1. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—A more perfect gem of art has been rarely issued from the press. The "gems" have been gathered from a great variety of authors, among whom the contributors of the Ladies' Repository are largely represented. The work is commendable as a specimen of art, and also for its literary taste.

(2.) *CAUSES AND CURE OF DISEASES OF THE FEET, with Practical Suggestions as to their Clothing.* By C. H. Cleveland, M. D. Illustrated. Cincinnati, 1862.—The publication of a work of this kind we should think eminently proper at the present time. To our soldiers in the field some practical knowledge of the proper treatment of the feet is of the very highest importance. An army can not be efficient without keeping their feet in a good condition, and on no subject have mankind been more foolish than in the treatment of the feet. The Chinese are not the only people who have imposed absurd customs on the subject. There are multitudes of cripples in America, as well as in China, occasioned by the wearing of improper shoes.

The following, from the Preface, will give the reader a good idea of the design of the work:

"The large armies of the nation which have been in the field during the past year have suffered so much from various diseases of the feet, that not only the attention of surgeons has been specially directed to that part of the system, but the people have realized the very great importance which attaches to those derangements, and are ready to be instructed in their causes and cure. To supply, in part, the information which was not readily attainable, even by physicians, a portion of the following work was published in the 'Journal of Rational Medicine.'

"Those articles having attracted considerable attention, I have thought the interests of the profession and of the people would be subserved by republishing them, with additions, in the present form—particularly as no work covering the same ground had been published in America.

"That the feet, and the diseases to which they are liable, and the causes of those diseases, avoidable or otherwise, are worthy of far more attention than has been bestowed upon them by the majority of the profession, none will deny; and it is hoped this monograph may serve to direct the minds of physicians to that part of the system, and thus aid in protecting the people from the impositions of ignorant and designing pretenders.

"That parents may be led to pay more attention to the feet of their children, to protect and preserve them from the deformities and diseases under which a large portion of the community suffer, it is necessary that physicians call their attention to this subject, and supply them with such information as will explain the di-

rect and immediate connection between distorted, deformed, and diseased feet, and improperly-constructed boots and shoes.

"In the proper construction of the covering of the feet all mankind are interested, and when it is known that most of the diseases and deformities to which the lower extremities are liable, are the direct or indirect products of want of knowledge and want of thought on the part of shoe and boot-makers and the people, even a casual perusal of the following pages can not fail of doing some good."

(3.) *THE FLYING DUTCHMAN; or, the Wrath of Herr Vonstoppelnoze.*—This is the unique and homeric title of a new and humorous poem, by John G. Saxe. Published by Carleton, New York. Sixteen comic engravings illustrate the story. In typography, paper, and binding, the volume is an elegant specimen of American bookcraft. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Price, 50 cents.

(4.) *BLACKWOOD, for August*, contains, *Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel—Part VII; A Skye-Lark; Caxtoniana—Part VII: No. X—On the Moral Effect of Writers; Victor Hugo's Last Romance; The Rights of Woman; Sermons; Across the Channel; Ten Years of Imperialism.*

(5.) *CATALOGUES.*—1. Iowa State University, Iowa City. Silas Totten, D. D., LL. D., President, assisted by 8 professors and teachers. Students, 254. 2. Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Delaware. Rev. John Wilson, A. M., President, assisted by 8 teachers. Students, —. 3. Female College and High School, Springfield, O. E. G. Dial, A. M., President, assisted by 7 teachers. Students, 105. 4. North-Western University, Evanston, Illinois. Henry S. Noyes, A. M., Acting President, assisted by 6 professors. Students, 87.

(6.) *PRESIDENT NUTT'S BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.*—This discourse was addressed to the graduating class of the Indiana State University, at its late Commencement. It discusses the elements of strength belonging to young men, and how those elements may be cultivated and employed.

(7.) *THINGS TAUGHT: Systematic Instruction in Composition and Object Lessons.* By Dr. W. E. Lillenthal and Robert Allyn, M. A. Prepared by order of the Cincinnati Public School Board. Cincinnati: W. B. Smith & Co., Publishers, 137 Walnut-Street.—A notice of this most sensible and valuable book, as being in course of preparation, has already appeared. It has only 96 pages, but has more merit in it than some volumes of 900. The book can only be understood by being seen. It tells children how to think, and how from this thinking to write a composition. The way in which compositions are usually written by pupils, old and young, is by copying sentences here and there, after the pattern of Joseph's coat of many colors, from any or half a dozen books that one's hands can be laid on, and then calling it original.

Editor's Chair.

SUSPENSE fitly expresses the condition of affairs at the moment—September 10—we sit down to pen this brief editorial. The sky is black; the horizon lurid with the lightning's glare; the ship of State seems well-nigh stranded, while the storm of war is beating upon her with relentless fury. Mothers, whose agony of suspense is too deep for utterance or even for tears, clasping their little ones to their fond embrace, look wishfully into the future. Is all this glorious heritage, received from our fathers, to crumble into ruins? Shall treason, black-hearted and bloody-handed, defile and destroy it?

The disasters that befell our army on the peninsula and before Richmond have been repeated before Washington. It is now doubtful whether enough of the grand army is left to preserve the "quiet" of the Potomac. In the West, too, the lines of Buell's sluggish army have been passed. Kentucky has been entered, and Kirby Smith with a rebel army has appeared before Cincinnati. Thus, east and west, the invasion of the free States is threatened. It is well. The public mind will be benefited—will be schooled and concentrated upon the ONE ISSUE that must come in the management of the war. It is sadly evident, too, that the Government needed the schooling of this logic.

The uprising of a free people has been grand beyond all former conception. Their most cherished treasures have been poured out like water. Yet under the tender-footed policy of the Executive of the nation, and under the leadership of imbecile and corrupt, if not traitorous officers, these treasures—the best blood and sinew of the nation—have been wasted and are now lost. In all honesty and sincerity, we declare it our settled conviction that unless the President will consent to inaugurate a vigorous policy in the prosecution of the war—one that will draw a sharp, decisive line between treason and loyalty—one that will knock any and every prop from beneath the feet of rebels—one that will be unmistakable in its character and as terrible to rebels as unmistakable; and unless he will put commanders in the field everywhere who will carry out that policy in good earnest; if the President will not do this, then we solemnly declare the next best service he can render the country is to secure peace by acknowledging the independence of the Confederate States. It is worse than useless—it is a crime against God and humanity longer to wage the war as it has been waged. Slavery is not only the cause but it is the great *prop* of the rebellion. Slavery is also the great crime of the nation, for the guilt of which the God of heaven is now making requisition. As the North has been partaker of the guilt, so must she share in the punishment. Unless the nation retains enough of moral vitality to insure the doing away of the great crime, it will be destroyed. But we believe this vitality remains, and we shall be saved. Our calamities will be our salvation. To God let us look for deliverance.

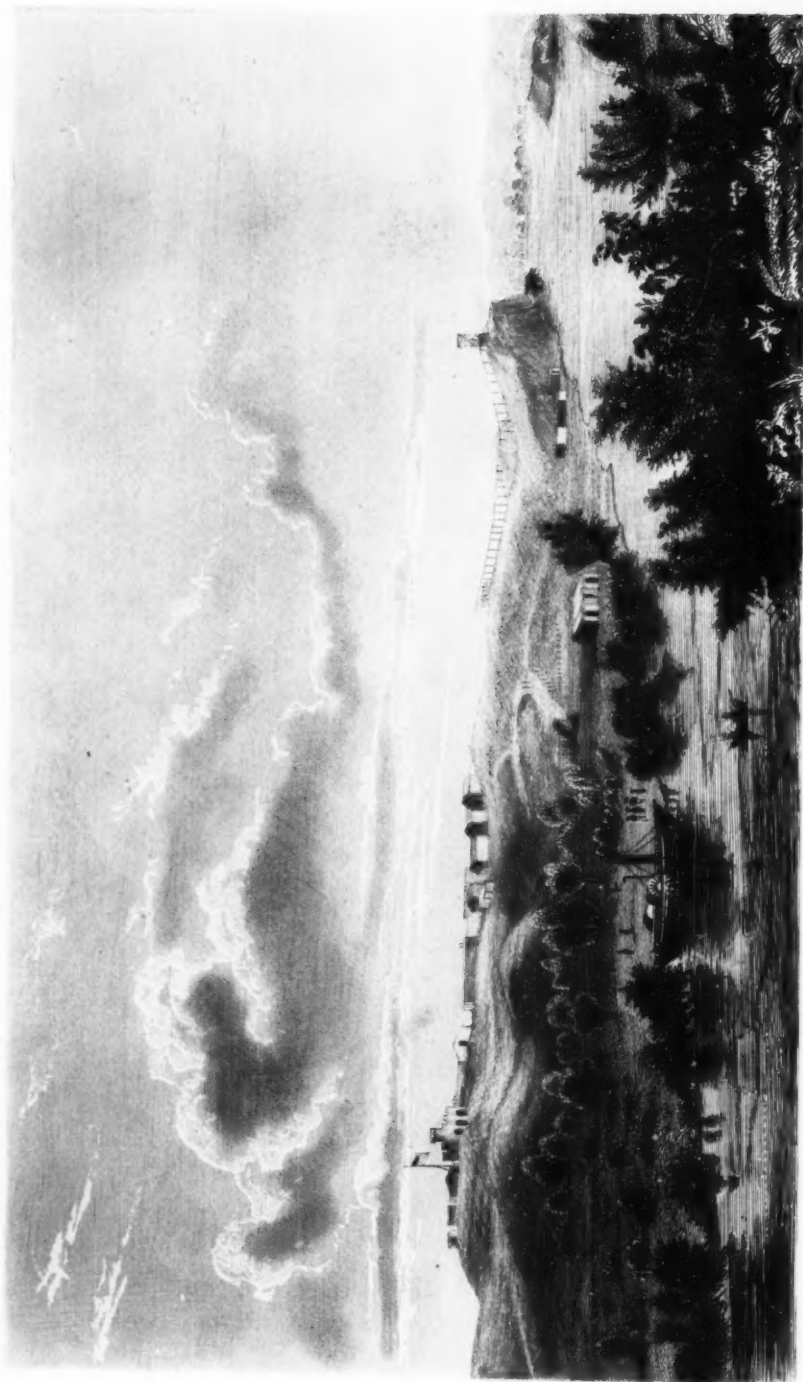
CINCINNATI BELEAGUERED.—The rigors of martial law have been upon us. Not without cause. A ragged, hungry, half-savage foe, overrunning the fair fields of Kentucky, knocked at our gates. It was no false alarm. But its thunder tones did not fall upon craven hearts. The giant West awoke. Moved by the mighty impulse which sways the hearts and nerves the arms of freemen, the stalwart yeomen of Ohio and Indiana, with trusty rifle in hand, moved in solid phalanx to their southern border. From the lake shores of the north, from the teeming villages, from the river banks, the valleys, the forests, and the plains—on they came in countless numbers; the compressed lip, the fire that flashed in the eye, the very tramp of the marshaled hosts told that these men had come to *fight* and not to play.

The city, too, was stirred from its very foundation. Each ward organized its companies and regiments. Within six hours after the proclamation of martial law nearly 10,000 men were drilling in our streets. Those who elected the spade or shovel as their weapon marched in companies to the fortifications on the Kentucky hills back of Covington. Others were called to patrol and picket duty. But the great mass was drilled for military duty. And speedily our raw troops were strengthened, not only by regiments of new recruits, almost without number, but also by several regiments of veterans. Among these latter were some that fought with Lyon at Wilson's Creek, and others that fought "mit Sigel" at Pea Ridge. Among the troops that appeared upon our streets, were some splendid regiments from Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, as well as from Indiana and Ohio.

The preparations to receive the rebels, though extemporized on the shortest notice, were of the most formidable character, both in regard to the extent and strength of the fortifications, and the number and efficiency of the troops. Our space will not allow us to particularize. At the moment of writing the enemy have retired suddenly and in great haste. Had an attack been made, no one posted as to the preparations had any fears about the result. The rebel raid in this direction will do the country and cause great good. It has stirred up the people, so that henceforth they will be found always ready; and then it has given them confidence, by showing the vastness of their resources and the readiness with which those resources may be brought into use.

We commenced writing in suspense. Days have passed. The sky has been relieved a little, but we are still in suspense. Our trust is in the justice of our cause and in God.

DELAY OF THIS NUMBER.—Our readers will receive this number nearly two weeks behind time. The causes are to be found in the military events referred to above. We have also been obliged to lay aside a large portion of our editorial matter.



FORT YUMA ON THE COLORADO



MADAME ROLAND

Engraving by J. B. Huet, after a portrait by M. de Launay.